

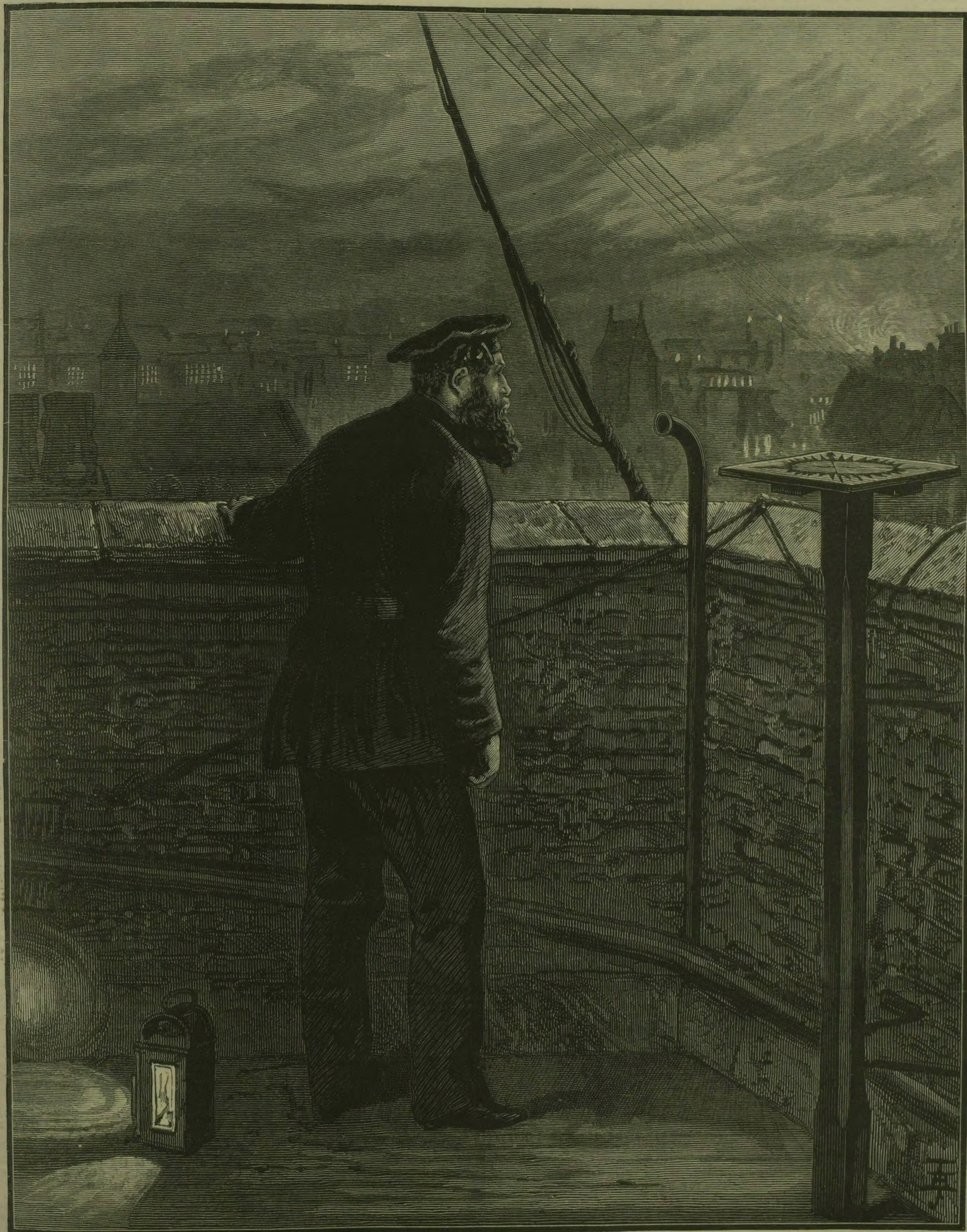
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LONDON FIRES: LOOK-OUT AT THE CENTRAL FIRE BRIGADE STATION, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE-ROAD.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

From Calcutta comes the pleasantest of Echoes; for surely there are no words that can fall more sweetly on the human ear than words of which the purport is Mercy. It was announced, on Feb. 15, from the City of Palaces on the Hooghly, that twenty-five thousand prisoners, being one third of the total number of prisoners now under sentence in Indian jails, would, on the morrow, be released in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, as well as all persons suffering confinement for debts under one hundred rupees. Their indebtedness will be discharged by the Government of Victoria, Empress of India.

It would be, I suppose, practically impossible to commemorate the Royal Jubilee at home by throwing open the gates of our prisons to a third or even a tenth of our jail-birds. I see that in India no dangerous prisoners have been released, and that a very large proportion of the captives set free have been females. Could not a small percentage of the very best behaved female prisoners in the United Kingdom be enlarged on Jubilee Day? The experiment would be worth trying. The release might, as in the case of a convict's ticket-of-leave, be made conditional; and the slightest misbehaviour on the part of a woman conditionally liberated should entail the forfeiture of the pardon and the relegation of the offender to prison. In another direction, the most merciful Indian example might, I think, be easily, safely, and beneficially followed. There are, I take it, at the present time, between four and five thousand people in England and Wales under lock-and-key in our criminal jails under commitment orders of the County Court. The Government might not see fit to move in the matter; but surely it would be possible by a national subscription to raise enough money to set free all County Court debtors owing, let us say, less than thirty shillings. Remember that in the charitable past there was a Society for the Relief of Poor Debtors. The society has vanished, and the trust funds bequeathed for assuaging the woes of poor prisoners have been engulfed by the Charity Commissioners on the specious plea that imprisonment for debt exists no longer. Don't it! Ask the County Court judges. Ask the County Court debtors. Ask the Governor of Holloway Prison.

Will any erudite young lady at Girton, or, at any other abode of learning, favour me with an English translation of the following?—

LAMBA FINGOTRA. Karpetra. Lobaka Filanelina. Kilalaom-bazaha. Akanjonjaza arika ny fombam-bazaha. Satroka joboa Beritelo. Borosy. ELOM-BEHIVAVY. Bakoly etc. LAMBA LANDHAZO SY VOLON' ONDRY. ROBA. RANOMANITRA. HAINGON-AKANJO. KILALAON-JAZA. Korodao sy Haingon-Javatra samihafa. J. ANDRIANISA. MPITVY ZAVATRY NY MPANJAKA NY MADAGASCAR SY NY PRIME MINISTER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

But I will refrain from propounding linguistic conundrums. The above is not an excerpt from the "agony column" of a London daily newspaper, or one which, being deciphered, might be found to read:—"If you obstinately refuse to return to your disconsolate wife and children, at least send back the key of the wine-cellar." No; it is an advertisement which I have cut from a newspaper just received, called the *Madagascar Times: a Journal of Civilisation*. It is published weekly, at Antananarivo, and the number before me bears the date of Dec. 25, 1886.

A very curious newspaper! and it is in the seventy-sixth number of its fifth volume, too. The advertisements are numerous; and the one which I have quoted emanates from an enterprising trader, who announces that he has the honour to serve her Majesty the Queen, and his Excellency the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief; and that by ship Lady Mitre he will speedily receive a very large consignment of accordions, fancy goods, toys, sculpture, carpets, shoes, children's costumes, tin, glass, varnish, and oilman's wares. But think not that in roughly translating the advertisement I am pretending to any kind of proficiency in Malagasy. Indeed, I do not know three words of that ancient tongue. It so happens, however, that the *Madagascar Times* is printed, as regards the advertisements, in a "Babylonish dialect" of English, French, and Malagasy, so that all who run may read.

In the course of a highly interesting communication, "J. D." (Dorking) remarks:—"Of course, you know that bubble-and-squeak consists of slices of boiled meat served up, hot, on finely minced cabbage; whereas Herr Baumann, in his 'Dictionary of English Slang,' calls it 'gewärmtes Gemüse mit Kartoffeln'! You know that no potatoes are used—nothing but beef and cabbage. Would it not be a kindness to tell the Professor this?"

Certainly; but I must also, as a matter of simple justice, tell my correspondent something else. The culinary doctors differ widely as to the proper ingredients of bubble-and-squeak. I take down from my shelves a few books of plain English cookery. The first is "The Domestic Oracle," by Alexander Murray, M.D.; and s.v. "Bubble-and-Squeak," I read:—

This good and savoury dish is made from corned beef, the remainder of a former dinner. Cut the meat into slices; then, if there is any cold cabbage left, squeeze it dry, and chop it small. Put some dripping into a frying-pan, and when hot, lay in the slices of beef, sprinkled with a little pepper. Fry them brown, and season them on both sides. When these are done, take them up while the cabbage is frying, keeping it stirred all the time, and when the fat is dried up, take it out. Serve the cabbage in the middle of the dish, and the meat round it. Wow-wow sauce is good with this economical dish.

No potatoes here, for a certainty; but the next volume to which I turn for reference is "Warne's Everyday Cookery," compiled and edited by Mary Jewry. I will only give the components prescribed by the lady for bubble-and-squeak:—

About one pound of slices of cold boiled beef; one pound of chopped potatoes; one pound of chopped-up cabbage, both previously boiled; pepper, salt, and a little butter.

"Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery" recommends the addition of mashed potatoes and shredded onions to the greens in

bubble-and-squeak; Francatelli, in his "Cook's Guide," gives a bubble-and-squeak composed of beef garnished with cabbage, carrots, and parsnips; and he adds, emphatically, "no sauce"; whereas, in the "New London Cookery, by a Lady" the sauce laid down for bubble-and-squeak is thick melted butter, into which are stirred a few pickled onions and gherkins, and a little made mustard. But Alexis Soyer, in his "Modern Housewife," philosophically remarks that there is a good way and a bad way of preparing bubble-and-squeak; and in his recipe for making what he terms an hereditary dish, only beef and greens, well *sautés*, are allowed, and there is no sauce. I firmly believe this to be the orthodox bubble-and-squeak, but Professor Baumann is not to be blamed if, as it seems to have been the case, he stumbled over a heterodox recipe.

Mem.: I think that I am not in error in saying that bubble-and-squeak is a dish which usually makes (or used to make) its appearance at middle-class tables on Saturdays. Compare it with Don Quixote's Saturday repast, "duelos y quebrantos," which Shelton absurdly translates as "collops and eggs," and Jarvis as an "omelet." Smollett's rendering is more inaccurate. The editor of the English translation of 1812, sumptuously illustrated by John Gilbert, frankly gives up the "duelos y quebrantos" as untranslatable. Spanish scholars are aware that Don Quixote's dolorous Saturday dish was a mess made from the extremities and the broken bones of sheep and cattle that had died naturally or by casualty during the week. But how to translate it? We once had "humble pie." Might not the Knight of La Mancha be said to have partaken of "humble pottage" on the last day of the week?

Touching slang, I note a very clever leading article on the subject which lately appeared in the *Standard*. In many instances, however, the writer of the article jumps with slightly too much haste at conclusions. For instance, is it not somewhat fantastic to assume that the saying "Gone to my uncle's" is only a pun on the Latin "uncus," the hook which pawnbrokers employed to lift articles before the more modern "spout" was invented. Where is the authority that pawnbrokers ever used hooks for the purpose of taking in pledges? The assumption is moreover demolished by the circumstance that the French pawnbroker is the consort of mine uncle—namely, "ma tante." One must again dissent from the writer in the *Standard's* statement that the Slang Dictionary originally edited by the late Mr. J. C. Hotten (who is called in the *Standard* Hotten) is, "blunders and all," as completely out of date as the "Lexicon Balatronicum" of Captain Grose. Every vocabulary of slang must become, to a certain extent, out of date a year after it is published, since no twelve months elapse without some additions being made to the copious language of *argot*, but Hotten's "Slang Dictionary" has been successively enlarged, improved, and revised, until the last edition, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and which I think was edited by Mr. Henry Sampson, may be regarded as exhaustive of modern slang, up to a comparatively recent date. I have an interleaved copy of this dictionary; and whenever I meet with a new slang or cant term I note it in its due alphabetical place on one of the blank leaves.

Is it not full time that we had a dictionary of Australasian slang? A gentleman at Geelong, near Melbourne (Geelong firmly believes that she, and not the Marvellous City on the Yarra-Yarra, ought to have been selected as the capital of Victoria), kindly promised me some materials for such a vocabulary; but, somehow or another, his memoranda never reached me. Readers who have not been to the Antipodes should be enlightened as to the meaning of such colonial terms as "sowker," "knocking down a cheque," "sundowner," "stonewalling," "cockatoo farmer," "remittance man," and so forth. Concerning the "larrikin," English people need no enlightenment. We have got him here, with a vengeance. Such a dictionary as I have ventured to suggest might be suitably supplemented by vocabularies of South African and West Indian slang.

There were grand doings at the Tower of London a few days since, when Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., was installed as Constable of the Tower and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotarum of the Tower Hamlets, in place of the late Sir Richard Dacres. The daily papers say that the ceremony took place on Tower-green, which was lined with troops drawn from the Scots Guards and the Royal Horse Artillery, an inner cordon being formed by the Yeomen of the Guard. I scarcely think that there were any Yeomen of the Guard present. The gallant veterans in the scarlet doublets and hose, the Tudor ruffs, and the white and red roses of York and Lancaster round their black velvet hats, were not Yeomen of the Guard, but Tower Warders, who are altogether a distinct corps.

"C. M." (Cardington, Bedford) has sent me a cheque for £5; and "J. H. C." forwards postal order for 2s. 6d., as donations towards a fund for the restoration of the monument at Kherson, Southern Russia, to the memory of John Howard, the philanthropist. These enclosures have been returned with thanks to the kind donors; and I must entreat any of my readers who might feel inclined to follow the example of "C. M." and "J. H. C." not to send me any more money, as I have neither the time nor the inclination to act as treasurer of a Howard Monument Fund. The proper personage who should be communicated with in the matter should be either H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Odessa or the British Vice-Consul at Kherson itself.

Please to bear in mind that the monument stands near the Church of the Assumption, opposite the Old Prison, and outside the barrier of Kherson, and is a simple obelisk with a sun-dial on one face and Howard's medallion-portrait on another, and with acacias planted round it by Vice-Consul Stevens in 1858. But Howard's tomb is in a walled field, in a village once known as Dolphinovka, but now called Stepanovka, in the

valley of Verofchina. Over this grave there is likewise a monument in the shape of a block of marble, surmounted by a sun-dial. Intending subscribers should specify whether they wish their donations to be applied towards the restoration of the memorial-monument or the actual grave of Howard.

Our American cousins, inimitably expert as they are in the invention of nicknames, have applied a most appropriate sobriquet to the fearfully and wonderfully lofty and spiky bonnets in which ladies are at present delighting. The New York humourists have dubbed the new head-gear "unicorn bonnets." What the members of the Rational Dress Association think of these conical *chapeaux* I have not the remotest idea; nor, perhaps, does it matter much what the members of the R. D. A. think on the subject. Fashion is an inscrutable and irresistible power, who is as far above reason as the old German Kaiser was above grammar. A lady with whom I lately held converse anent "unicorn bonnets," told me, with a toss of the head, that she considered them to be "highly becoming." Yes; and I can remember when, about 1832, cart-wheel bonnets were pronounced to be "highly becoming"; and the same verdict has, to my personal knowledge, in bygone years been passed on cottage bonnets, coal-scuttle bonnets, cheese-plate bonnets, and pork-pie hats. Everything that is in fashion is "becoming"—to fashionable people.

If you need an additional proof of the mysteriously arbitrary caprice of Fashion, consider the case of valentines. Those harmless missives (the only innocuous kind of anonymous letter) seem this year to have gone woefully out of vogue. From the post office at Manchester it is reported that in February, 1885, the number of valentines sent was 216,000; whereas on the St. Valentine's Day just past only 117,000 were dealt with, being a decrease of nearly 100,000. In the next report of her Majesty's Postmaster-General we may expect even more startling revelations as to the falling-off in the number of metropolitan valentines in 1887.

Of course, the prodigious and yearly increasing popularity of Christmas, New-Year's, Easter, and Birthday cards has had a great deal to do with diminishing the demand for valentines; but I am far from believing that the custom of sending them is doomed to total extinction, or that, if it drags on a lingering existence, it will be only among the "lower orders" that valentines will be interchanged. Anonymous sweethearting will become fashionable again some day; and the fancy stationers will exult in the sale of the guinea valentines of yore.

In the interests of the highly respectable trade of gold-beaters, gold paint and golden ink makers, I wish to state that a friend of "curio"-collecting proclivities has lately permitted me to inspect a copy of the "Sun Evening Newspaper" for a certain day in the month of June, 1838, and which is printed in letters of gold. The auriferous text has been only very slightly tarnished in the course of fifty years. But what is that? I lately saw in a bookseller's shop, hard by the office of this Journal, a fourteenth century "Book of Hours" illuminated on vellum. The burnished gold surrounding the initial letters was as bright as though the metal had been applied the day before yesterday.

The "Sun Newspaper" is dead; but it is to be hoped that the Jubilee Year will be marked by the appearance of ever so many journals, daily and weekly, books, periodicals, pamphlets, and broadsides, all printed in golden letters. You see that I reside close to the gold-beating district of Clerkenwell, and should there be a very brisk demand for gold-leaf towards Jubilee Day, the *batteurs d'or* might get up a neat little testimonial to Distressed *Com* in recognition of his efforts on their behalf. The depression in trade is so very grievous.

The world of letters has sustained a severe loss, and Society has been bereft of a most amiable and useful member in the person of Mrs. Henry Wood, the distinguished novelist, who recently died at her residence in St. John's Wood-park. Who has not read "East Lynne," the fascinating romance of which a hundred and forty thousand copies have been issued, and which has been translated into every European language and into more than one Oriental tongue? As a novelist, the late Mrs. Henry Wood was almost as prolific as Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope; it would be invidious to cite the names of any living lady-writers of fiction, but the authoress of "East Lynne," "Danebury House," "The Channings," and a host of novels as excellent, was likewise a humorous essayist of no mean quality, as the papers signed "Johnny Ludlow," published in the *Argosy*, the magazine during so many years conducted by the deceased lady, will amply testify. She wrote well, earnestly, and with a manifest desire to do as much good as ever was in her power; she was never embroiled in any literary feud; and she leaves behind her a record quite bright, pure, and exemplary.

Mem.: Can anyone of my readers tell me the date of the death of quite another Mrs. Henry Wood, the wife of a long-since deceased man of letters, who began life as a publisher, and who was subsequently sub-editor of Douglas Jerrold's weekly newspaper? This lady was the authoress of a work called "Change for American Notes," professedly written by an American, and being a caustic retort to Charles Dickens's "American Notes." Mr. Henry Wood was one of my earliest friends in letters, and I have often heard him allude to his wife's books.

The reported attempt to slay Madame Adelina Patti, by casting a dynamite shell at her on the stage of the Opera house at San Francisco, recalls to mind a more deliberate attempt to destroy Madame Vestris at the period when the incomparable Eliza was lessee of the old Olympic theatre. She was on the stage, at rehearsal, when a wooden case, addressed to her, which had been left at the stage door by some unknown person, was brought to her. Providentially, a gentleman who was a member of the company suspected there was something wrong about this case. It was opened with the utmost care and caution, and was found to be crammed with explosives which the slightest blow with a hammer on the lid of the box might have ignited. I do not think that the miscreant who sent this infernal machine to the enchanting songstress and actress was ever discovered. G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

However troublesome foreign affairs may be to the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury may with reason seek consolation in the solid strength of the Ministerial position in Parliament. The Earl of Dunraven follows the example of Lord Randolph Churchill and resigns office. But the noble Marquis probably regards the accession of so powerful a debater as Mr. Goschen to the Treasury Bench in the Commons as counterbalancing the loss of both noble Lords. Similarly, in answer to the lively oratorical attacks on the Government by Sir W. Harcourt and Earl Granville in and out of Parliament, the Premier can, with just satisfaction, point to the "Unionist" majority of 106 in the Commons on the Eleventh.

The House of Lords continues to be a far more fruitful ground for legislation than the Lower House—save that some measures which might profitably be relegated to county boards have actually been introduced in the Commons. An intolerable deal of talk to a ha'porth of reform being more than ever the rule with the Commons, the point in Mr. John Tenniel's *Punch* cartoon this week is as apropos as the likenesses of the chuckling Lord Chancellor and yawning Speaker are good.

Ireland furnishes, as usual, the staple *bête noire* for the menu of St. Stephen's. Lord Inchiquin, in praying on Monday for further legislation to restrain lawlessness in the Sister Isle, could not have foreseen the dastardly outrage perpetrated the same evening in county Clare. Those murderous volleys poured from the roadside into the emergency bailiff and police have done much to alienate the sympathies enlisted for evicted peasants by the Glenbeigh burnings of cottages. Earl Cadogan, in replying to Lord Inchiquin and the noble Lords who followed him, could only say that the Government would strive their utmost to enforce the present law pending the passing of the Bill to be brought in to give the Irish Executive increased powers. The Ministry do but nibble at the wide-spread pasturage of the Land Question (which many of their Lordships long to grapple with boldly) in their Glebe Lands Bill, which Lord Cross prevailed upon the House to read the second time on Tuesday. But the criticisms offered by the Lords Spiritual, who naturally evince a deep interest in a measure affecting clerical flocks, furnished fresh proofs of the difficulty any Government must encounter in dealing with a matter concerning so many interests. Comparable to the strong and delicate operation of the Nasmyth hammer was their Lordships' handling of heavy guns at the instigation of Lord Napier of Magdala, and their rhetorical cracking of the skulls of the Mayor and Corporation of Limerick. And all these multifarious problems dealt with in two hours by noble Lords!

Ministers have stoically endured hour after hour of wearisome reiteration in the Commons. They have been strengthened by some welcome instances of confidence. As when Mr. Goschen, bearing his blushing honours as Chancellor of the Exchequer diffidently enough, re-entered the House as member for St. George's, Hanover-square (for which West-End division he was returned by the large majority of 4157 over the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. Haysman), and the right hon. gentleman was loudly cheered by the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists alike upon his taking his seat as Lord Randolph Churchill's successor in the Administration. This was on the Tenth. The Home Rulers, on their side, immediately after sent up rival shouts when Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. J. McNeill, and Mr. Kennedy successively approached the table to take the oaths of allegiance. These counter-demonstrations well prepared the way for the Marquis of Hartington, who, rising from his seat on the front Opposition bench, delivered the strongest argument against Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address. The sterling qualities Mr. Bright said the noble Lord possessed when he successfully recommended his Lordship at the Reform Club as the best temporary leader of the Liberal Party when Mr. Gladstone retired to his tent, shone through this firm speech. Lord Hartington candidly avowed the relationship of landlords and tenants in Ireland would not, in all probability, be satisfactory until occupiers could be made the owners of their holdings, favoured voluntary emigration, but resolutely set his face against the "Plan of Campaign," and approved the prosecution of Mr. Dillon and his colleagues. It will be admitted on all sides that the Marquis of Hartington had strong personal grounds for directly urging Mr. Parnell to explicitly disavow the doctrines of violence preached by Irish-Americans; and for his appeal to Home Rulers generally to give loyal proofs of their fitness for self-rule. Buttressed by Lord Hartington's "hard-headed" (the phrase is Mr. Bright's) support as acknowledged chief of the "Unionists," Mr. W. H. Smith and his fellow-Ministers preserved their equanimity throughout the gushing oration of Mr. Thomas Sexton, answered by the Home Secretary with *nisi prius* dexterity on the Friday evening, and throughout even the rotund philippics, studied impromptu, and elephantine humour of Sir William Harcourt, to whom Sir Michael Hicks Beach replied with more than usual smartness, point, and effect. The crucial division was a signal triumph for the Government and "Liberal Unionists" alike—for the Active and "Sleeping" partners of the Ministerial firm which has Lord Salisbury for Premier and Lord Hartington's special representative, Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. By 352 votes against 246—the large working majority of 106—Mr. Parnell's amendment was negatived, amid loud Ministerial cheers and counter-cheering.

There has been a lively protest in the Conservative press, it may be remarked, against the rumoured project to bring about the neutralisation of Egypt. But the explicit assurances of Mr. Smith during the recent debate on Egypt should have calmed these alarmists.

The Leader of the House so far curtailed the tediously prolonged debate on the Address as to prevail upon Sir R. Paget and Lord Henry Bruce to withdraw their amendments on Monday. Mr. Esslemont's rather untimely amendment championing the poor Scottish holders bound by their nineteen years' leases was then neatly sat upon by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who secured its rejection by a majority of 102. The Secretary for Scotland as neatly extinguished Sir George Campbell's malapropos amendment advocating Home Rule as a general panacea for the ills the Kingdom is heir to; Mr. Balfour epigrammatically objecting to a revival of the Heptarchy. The House concurring in the objection, Sir George withdrew his amendment. The Lord Advocate on Tuesday gave practical reasons why Dr. Cameron's benevolent censure on the administration of justice in Skye and Tiree should not be allowed to pass; but Scotch pertinacity proved equal to Irish eloquence and the discussion was spread over another sitting. It is high time, indeed, that irrelevance should be curbed by stringent Procedure rules.

The election at Burnley for the seat vacant through the lamented death of Mr. Peter Rylands is exciting general interest. Lord Hartington recommends the claims of Mr. Thursby as a "Unionist," as strongly as Mr. Gladstone has supported Mr. Slagg, who favours Home Rule. As the late Mr. Rylands was only returned by a majority of forty-three over Mr. James Greenwood, a close contest is bound to ensue.

THE FIRE BRIGADE OF LONDON.

On Monday morning, an hour or two before daylight, a great fire broke out at Battersea, on the premises of Mr. Draper, fire-wood manufacturer, whose extensive wood-yard and saw-mills adjoin Wellington-road, near the river, and close to the Surrey end of Old Battersea Bridge. The Fire Brigade station in Battersea Park-road at once turned out its engine, and sent a message to the district dépôt at Kennington-lane, where reports of a "fire showing a light" had already been received from different directions, and there was a general turning out of steamers from the "D" district. The first engines sent on were those from Kennington, Tooley-street, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Old Kent-road, Camberwell, Brixton, and Waterloo-road, and in a few minutes from the first call a very powerful force was on its way to the scene from all parts of the southern district. The river service of the Fire Brigade was also called into action; and the Atlas, Beaver, and Diver floats, coming, respectively, from Pimlico Pier, Southwark Bridge, and Cherry Gardens, were not long in arriving at the wharf and getting their powerful deliveries to work. Before this, however, the supply of water obtained from the mains had been deficient in quantity, and as the fire continued to gain ground, more aid was called for, and steamers from Brompton in the "A" district, and Clerkenwell, Islington, Scotland-yard, Holborn, and Holloway in the "B," were ordered on to the fire. At five o'clock no fewer than eighteen steamers and three floats were pouring tons of water on the flames, and by clever management the area of the fire had been completely marked off and its spread prevented. The strong wind blowing from the east blew the flames over towards the Earl of Shrewsbury's patent cab stables, and then a remarkable incident of the fire occurred. All the night cabs had come in, and the full number of horses, 208 in all, was in the stables. The heat of the fire, with the suffocating volumes of smoke, caused the night attendants to fear the worst, and after a hurried consultation it was determined to turn the horses loose into the streets, and stand the chance of recovering them again, rather than let the poor animals be roasted to death. Accordingly, the doors and gates were thrown open, and, partly led and partly driven, the horses were turned out, when they galloped about and away from the neighbourhood. All that day and next day, Mr. Hedges, the manager, was receiving horses back, or messages stating that they had been found at Kingston, Wimbledon, Clapham-common, Battersea Park, and in many parts of North London. The necessity for the step taken was proved, for the roofs of the stables actually caught fire, and were only saved by a concentration of the deliveries upon the point. The fire burnt till long after daylight.

Having mentioned above the early communication to the District Fire Brigade Station of reports that the light of a fire had been observed by the watchmen at several other stations, we will now call the reader's attention to the Illustration on our front page. It represents the night watchman on duty at the Central Station in Southwark Bridge-road, looking out over the parapet on the roof. In the corner is the speaking-tube, connected with the telephone apparatus, through which he can give the alarm to any station; and there is also a compass-dial, from which he can determine and report the exact bearings of the place where he sees the fire, relatively to the nearest Fire Brigade station. We may add a few particulars of the organisation of the London Fire Brigade, which is now under the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Its staff, in May last year, consisted of 1 chief officer, 1 second officer, 4 superintendents, 63 engineers, 76 first-class firemen, 81 second-class, 130 third-class, and 220 fourth-class; 13 special-duty men, 66 coachmen or drivers, 14 licensed watermen for the river, making a total of 669 persons. There were 55 fire-engine stations, 26 street stations, with hose and carts, 127 fire-escape stations, and 4 river stations. The Fire Brigade possessed 42 land steam fire-engines, 87 large manual fire-engines, and 37 of lesser power; 3 self-propelling steamer floats, with steam fire-engines; 4 steam fire-engines on barges, 4 steam-tugs and 7 barges; and, on land, besides the fire-engines, 64 hose-carts, 12 vans, 11 waggons, 144 fire-escapes, and some long fire-ladders to be conveyed in waggons. The number of men kept on look-out watch in the day-time is 110, and in the night-time 254, with no intermission during the twenty-four hours.

NEW TOWNHALL, BIRKENHEAD.

The important town of Birkenhead, on the Cheshire bank of the Mersey opposite Liverpool, has opened its new Townhall in this Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. It is in Hamilton-square, and is a handsome building, as shown in our Illustration; the architects, Messrs. C. O. Ellison and Son, were chosen from among 138 competitors, whose designs were referred to the judgment of Mr. Charles Barry, and the general contract for the building was taken by the late Alderman Leslie, of Bootle, who executed the masonry, in Stourton stone, and the brickwork; the other contractors were Mr. J. Webster, of Bootle, for joiners' work; Messrs. Brown and Co., of Birmingham, and Mr. Stubbs, of Liverpool, for marble and granite; Messrs. Hale and Johnson, slaters and plasterers; Mr. T. Low, plumber and painter; Messrs. Pendleton and Co., ironfounders; Messrs. Goodall, modelling and ornamental plaster work; Messrs. Norbury and Co., stone carving; warming and ventilation, Messrs. Haden and Son, Manchester; fire-extinguishing apparatus, Messrs. Merryweather; clock and bells, Messrs. Gillett, of Croydon. The total cost is about £43,000. The opening ceremony was on Thursday week; it was performed by Mr. John Laird, who was the first Mayor of Birkenhead, using a gold key (this was one specially manufactured by Mr. W. G. Bevan); the present Mayor, Mr. William Laird, received the Townhall, on behalf of the Corporation, and afterwards, from the balcony, addressed the people outside.

MASSOWAH.

The seaport of Massowah, of which a View is presented this week, has lately been occupied by an Italian military garrison, under command of General Gene, who are now engaged in serious hostilities with the army of King John of Abyssinia. The fort of Saati, at some distance inland, where Major Boretti was in command, was attacked on the 25th ult. by some thousands of Abyssinians, under Ras Aloula; and a desperate conflict took place, the Italians exhausting all their ammunition; but their enemy was forced to retire. On the next day, a convoy of supplies from Monkullo, with an escort under Colonel De Cristoforis, was intercepted by the enemy, in great force, and was completely overpowered, nearly all the Italians being slain. The King of Abyssinia is advancing with additional forces, by way of Adigerat and Senafe, towards the Red Sea coast, Massowah, of which our readers had occasion to be told during the war in the Soudan, and which was visited also by the British expedition to Abyssinia in 1868 and 1869, is a place that has been repeatedly described. It is a harbour, with two islands on which the town is built, on the African coast, nearly 300 miles south of Souakim, and latterly belonged to the Khedive of Egypt; but the Abyssinians have always claimed it, and it is very near their frontier.

CANNES.

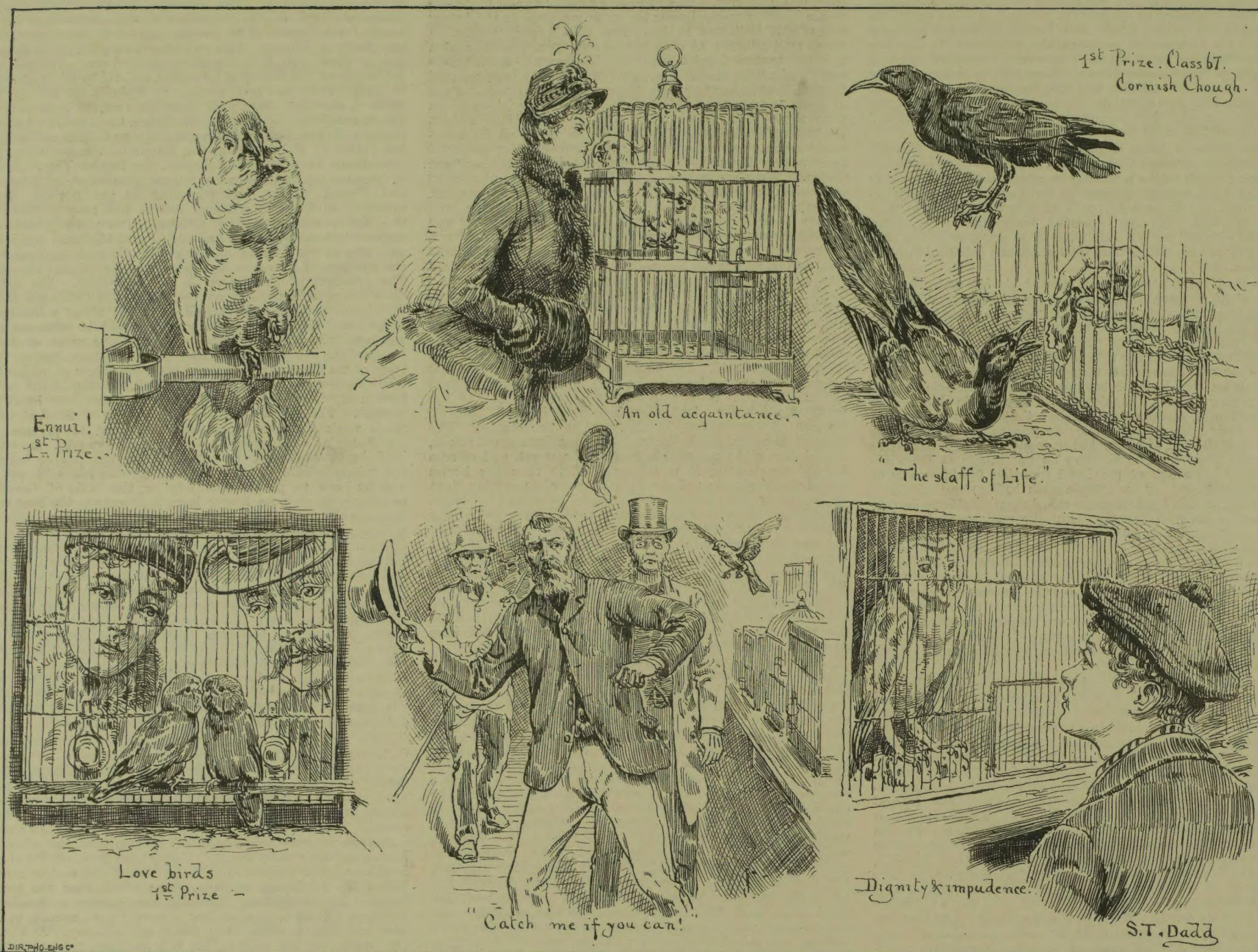
The Prince of Wales arrived at Cannes on Wednesday week, but brought with him the reverse of what is usually known as Queen's weather. The principal object of his Royal Highness's visit was to be present at the consecration ceremony of the Church of St. George, erected in memory of the late Duke of Albany. This ceremony took place on Saturday last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was performed by Dr. Sandford, the Bishop of Gibraltar, assisted by the Bishop of St. Asaph (who has been staying at Hyères), the Rev. W. K. Bedford, the newly-appointed chaplain, and the local clergy. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Grand Duke of Nassau, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Mayor of Cannes, with the subordinate French local authorities, the British Vice-Consuls of Nice and Cannes, and many persons prominent in English and French society, now wintering in the Riviera, were present. After the consecration service had been performed, the Bishop gave a forcible address. The whole ceremony lasted about an hour and a half. His Royal Highness appeared very pleased when he was informed that the sum required for the purchase of the organ had been subscribed during the day. The architect of the church is Mr. Bloomfield. The little church is prettily situated on the side of the California Hill, just below the Hôtel de la Californie, and about a hundred yards from the Villa Nevada, where, it will be remembered, the late Prince Leopold was staying, as the guest of Miss Percival, at the time when he met with his accident on the steps of the Cercle Nautique, and from the effects of which he never recovered. It is a plain and small building, in the early Gothic style, and has seating-room for about four hundred persons. The greater part of the church is finished, and much work has been done lately in order to prepare it for Saturday's ceremony. The tower, however, is only half built, and some time must necessarily elapse before the whole edifice is completed. Its erection will prove a great boon to people who live on that side of Cannes, as they will now no longer have to journey to the Route de Fréjus or Route de Cannes for their spiritual wants. There will now be four English churches of the Establishment in Cannes. It will be curious to note what kind of service will take place in the Church of St. George, as already the High, Low, and Broad are represented. Indeed, Cannes is a very churchy place, and Cannites are great sticklers for Church ritual, in spite of their gayer propensities. The entertaining season, which does not begin till after Christmas, ends when Lent begins, and during this time there is a continual round of gaiety. As Good Friday draws near, a great rush is made by hostesses to fix their entertainments, as by Easter society is getting back to London, or, at any rate, moving on. Besides, the Cannites, like other people, like to have the "best people" at their parties, and the presence of Royalty always causes a sudden rise in the number of balls.

It is a little more than half a century since Lord Brougham discovered Cannes to the world as a health-resort. Popular for many years on account of its genial climate, the quondam fishing village in the Riviera has, for some years past, been used as the rendezvous for English, French, and American society during the few dull months that precede the London season. Invalids, of course, still go there; but there is a great difference between the length of the resident and what is known as the society season. People who go south for their health arrive at Cannes early in November, and seldom leave before the beginning of May, about which time the place becomes intolerably hot. Although some Cannes enthusiasts, however, will have it that May is a very good month, wiser men and women shake their heads and say nay. As a rule the seasons are fine and hot; but it is unwise to rely upon this rule, and though the place is hot in the day time, directly the sun goes down the temperature quickly changes, and the air suddenly becomes very cold. Nothing proves this better than a walk in the Rue d'Antibes, the Regent-street of Cannes, after sunset. It is like walking along a subterranean passage after being out in the day light. Indeed, people make a great mistake who think because they have come to a place where roses are in full bloom and violets scent the air that it must necessarily follow that the temperature is the same as that of a hot July day in England. At the present time Cannes is very full, and the villas have let fairly well; but there are always plenty to be had, though the choice after Christmas is limited. Of late years the number of villas has exceeded the demand—a fact partly owing to the building craze that seized people before the great financial failures three years ago, and partly due to the agricultural distress in England, which has caused many families who formerly went to Cannes for the winter to go elsewhere, where things are cheaper, or stay at home.

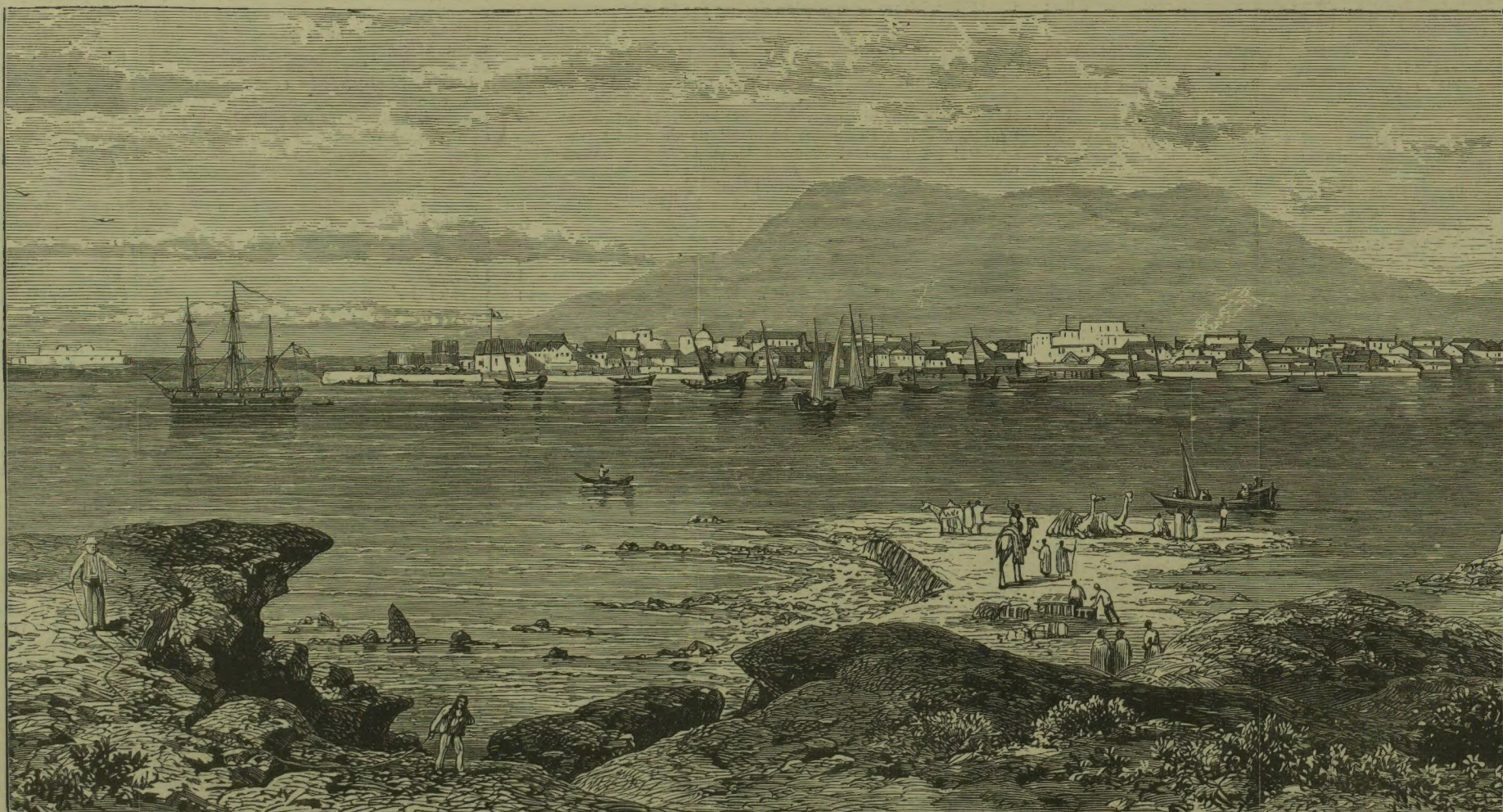
The fashions of Cannes are essentially English. Late hours are seldom indulged in, except by the gambling community; and people go early to dances, which in most cases begin at nine o'clock. An exception to this rule is always made in the case of a big ball, when London hours are resorted to. The custom of arriving early is one of the ways of the place that first strikes the stranger who is used to the system of London ball-going, viz., of never being seen in the ball-room till after twelve; indeed, in the height of the London season it is an uncommon thing to find a ball beginning before midnight—a thing unknown in the South. There are several reasons why Cannes' dances begin so early, some of which probably account for their ending so soon. To begin with, there is never more than one a night. Then there is very little dining out. The table-d'hôte at all the hotels is seldom later than half-past six, and the dinner hour at the villas is generally half-past seven, though some few keep to the London hour of eight. Only one little theatre is in existence, and the performances here are not, as a rule, of a very high character, so far as the acting goes, though now and then a good company comes down from Paris; but the smallness of the stage prevents anything big from being attempted, consequently there is very little theatre-going. Then, again, it mostly happens that either the chaperon or one of the chaperoned is delicate, and must return early; indeed it is quite the fashion to be delicate at Cannes, and it is very convenient sometimes. If people want to go to one place and do not care about going to another, they have only to write a pretty little note to the hostess and say how sorry they are, but their doctor says—and so on. This answers the same purpose as the "previous engagement" clause so often to be met with in the stereotyped answer to an invitation in England; but the doctor excuse has its redeeming point. It is generally more or less true, as every medical man in Cannes is pretty certain to have warned the visitor against hot rooms and night air.

Dancing men, too, are a scarcity in Cannes, and though there are often plenty of black coats in the room, many of them are cripples, and some have reached the age when dancing, if not to themselves at any rate to their partners, becomes more a bore than a pleasure. At the club dances, where the whole colony assemble, the disparity between the sexes is especially apparent.

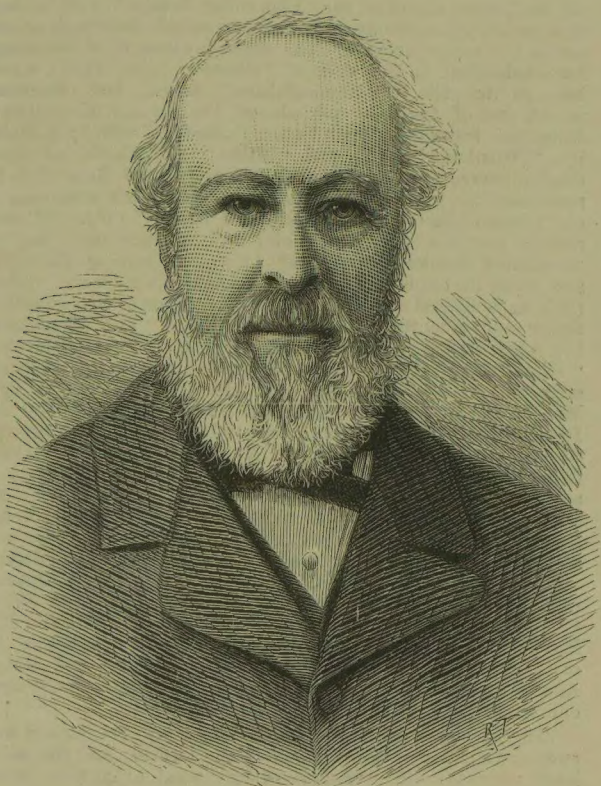
We shall probably return to this subject next week.



CAGE-BIRD SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



MASSOWAH, ON THE RED SEA COAST, OCCUPIED BY THE ITALIAN TROOPS.



THE LATE DUKE OF LEINSTER.



THE LATE MRS. HENRY WOOD.



THE LATE MR. PETER RYLANDS, M.P.

THE LATE MRS. HENRY WOOD.

The death of this lady, who has for a quarter of a century past been one of the acceptable female contributors to popular literature, is noticed with regret. She was born about 1820. Ellen Price, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, head of a large glove-manufacturing establishment at Worcester, who was a man of some literary taste and accomplishment. She married, early in life, Mr. Henry Wood, who was engaged in the shipping trade in London. Her first published writings appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" and in "Bentley's Miscellany." She wrote "Danebury House," which was published in 1860, for the prize of £100 offered by the Scottish Temperance Society, for the best story to illustrate the good effects of temperance in drink. In the following year she produced "East Lynne," a domestic story of highly original conception and of much romantic interest, which at once gained strongly on the minds of a great multitude of

readers. "The Channings," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," and "Verner's Pride," kept up the success that she had won; they were followed by "Lord Oakburn's Daughters," "Oswald Cray," "Trevlyn Hold," and other striking tales, with a variety of plot and sustained freshness of tone, which was wonderful in those years when she was constantly writing three or four stories at the same time for different contemporary magazines. In a more permanent form of publication they had a prolonged existence. Some of them were translated into the French language. "Roland Yorke," a sequel to "The Channings," appeared in 1869; and, in 1870, "George Canterbury's Will," reprinted from *Tinsley's Magazine*. The authoress was appointed editor of the *Argosy*, a magazine established by Mr. Bentley, for which she wrote, in and after 1870, "Dene Hollow," "Within the Maze," "The Master of Greylands," "Pomeroy Abbey," and several other tales widely approved; but the series entitled "Johnny Ludlow," begun in 1880, present not the least characteristic and effective qualities of her mind, and of her matured habit of thought and sentiment. We are permitted by Mr. Bentley to reproduce the portrait of Mrs. Henry Wood painted by Mr. R. Easton, and engraved by Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., some years ago.

THE LATE MR. PETER RYLANDS.

Our "Silent Member" last week observed the loss of a well-known member of the House of Commons. This was Mr. Peter Rylands, M.P. for Burnley, who died at his residence, Massey Hall, Thelwall, near Warrington, on the 8th inst., in his sixty-seventh year. He was son of Mr. John Rylands, of Bewsey House, Lancashire, by Martha, his wife, daughter of Rev. James Glazebrook, Vicar of Belton. Entering on commercial pursuits, he became an ironmaster at Warrington, filled the civic chair in 1853-4, and was its M.P. from 1868 to 1874, in the Radical interest. In 1874, he contested unsuccessfully South-East Lancashire, and in 1876 was returned for Burnley, which he continued to represent as a consistent Liberal to his death. He married, in 1861, Caroline, daughter of Mr. William Reynolds, of Penketh House, Warrington. He was a magistrate for Lancashire and Cheshire. Among the independent opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home-Rule policy during the past



THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND: PRIEST CHAINED TO GATE TO PREVENT ENTRANCE OF EVICTING PARTY.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

twelvemonth, Mr. Rylands, an Advanced Liberal, was one of the most conspicuous, and his example may have had a large share in the defeat of Mr. Gladstone and his party at the last election. He was among the speakers at the meeting at Her Majesty's Theatre, when he, was found on the same platform as Lord Salisbury, Mr. Goschen, and Lord Hartington. On that occasion he professed himself ready to join hands with any party to save the country; but his refusal to follow the majority of his party in their sudden change of front caused much resentment. The issue of his election at Burnley, last Midsummer, was looked for with the greatest interest; and Mr. Gladstone himself, when travelling through that district, thought fit to influence the result by saying, in one of his railway-carriage speeches, "Poor old Peter has gone to the bad." Mr. Herbert Gladstone also, during the electoral contest at Burnley, said he had come to the town "to drive a nail into Peter's political coffin." In spite of the opposition of these distinguished men, and of the local influence of his opponent, Mr. Rylands was returned as a Liberal Unionist by a majority of forty-three over Mr. Greenwood, who was ready to follow Mr. Gladstone. The numbers were—Rylands, 4209; Greenwood, 4166. The Unionists of both parties took courage at the result of the Burnley election.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, South Kensington.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

The Most Noble Charles William, fourth Duke of Leinster and



Marquis of Kildare, twenty-third Earl, and Baron of Offaly, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Leinster, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Kildare in that of the United Kingdom, Premier Duke, Marquis and Earl of Ireland, a Privy Councillor, Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion

Royal Dublin Fusiliers, a Commissioner of National Education, President of the Royal Dublin Society, and a Governor of the National Gallery, died at Carton Maynooth on the 10th inst. His Grace, the head of the illustrious family of the Geraldines, Earls of Kildare since 1316, was born March 30, 1819, the eldest son of Augustus Frederick, third Duke of Leinster, by Charlotte Augusta, his wife, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Harrington; and graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1840. From 1847 to 1852 he sat in the House of Commons as the Liberal member for the county of Kildare, and in 1870 was created *vita patris* Baron Kildare. In 1874 he succeeded his father in the Dukedom and minor honours. His Grace married, Oct. 13, 1847, Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, third daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, K.G., and had surviving issue, seven sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Gerald, Marquis of Kildare, born Aug. 16, 1851, now fifth Duke of Leinster, married, Jan. 17, 1884, Lady Hermione Duncombe, daughter of the Earl of Feversham. The nobleman whose death we record was held in the affection and esteem of all classes. There was not a work or public institution connected with the interests or progress of Ireland in which he did not take a prominent and beneficial part. Universally beloved and honoured, the good Duke of Leinster has passed away, leaving a name that will long live in the hearts and memory of the Irish people.

SIR R. DALRYMPLE HORN ELPHINSTONE, BART.

Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, Bart., of Horn and



Logie Elphinstone, D.L., late Lieutenant 60th Rifles, died on the 10th inst., aged forty-five. He was son of Sir James Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, second Baronet, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart., and succeeded very recently to the title, at his father's death. He married, Nov. 17, 1875, Nina, only child of Mr. John Balfour, of Queen's-gate-place.

MR. DOWDESWELL.

Mr. William Dowdeswell, of Pull Court, Worcestershire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1855, M.P. for Tewkesbury 1835 to 1847, died recently. He was born in October, 1804, the eldest son of John Edmund Dowdeswell, of Pull Court, M.P., a Master in Chancery, and grandson of the Right Hon. William Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Rockingham Administration, whose epitaph was written by Edmund Burke. He was educated at Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford; he married, in 1839, Amelia Letitia, daughter of Mr. Robert Graham, of Cossington House, Somerset, and leaves issue. After the Restoration of Charles II., Roger Dowdeswell, the Cavalier, was M.P. for Tewkesbury, which borough has been since almost continuously represented by his descendants.

We have also to record the death of—

Mr. Charles Langton Massingberd, of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire, on the 9th inst., at Maristow, Roborough, Devon, aged seventy-one. He was descended, in the male line, from the Langtons of Langton; and, in the female, from the Massingberds of Gunby, one of whom, Thomas Massingberd, was member of the English Parliament, for Calais, in the reign of Edward VI.

Mr. Phillip Bourke Marston, on the 14th inst., aged thirty-five. Mr. Marston, who was best known as a poet, but who has contributed essays and novelettes to various well-known periodicals, was afflicted with blindness from his youth. His latest volume was "Wind Voices and other Poems," and he was engaged in preparing a volume of short tales for the Press when his fatal illness overcame him. He was the son and only remaining child of Dr. Westland Marston, the well-known dramatic author and critic.

Her Majesty has been pleased to grant to Mr. Henry Farnham Burke, F.S.A., Rouge Croix, the office of Somerset Herald in the College of Arms. Mr. Burke is well known as a learned and accomplished herald and genealogist.

The highest diploma of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, with special first-class certificate and silver medal, has been conferred upon Mr. Nojendro Nath Banerjee, student at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. Mr. Banerjee is one of the Bengal Government scholars of the college.

Last week an unusually small number of steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, and the arrivals consequently were smaller than the imports of the last few weeks. The conveying steamers were five in number; the total arrivals being 310 cattle and 6840 quarters of beef.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen has allowed it to be made known that her Majesty is "much touched" by the special Women's Jubilee celebration. The Queen has already decided to spend a portion of the fund in having a replica executed of Marochetti's statue of the Prince Consort, which stands in Glasgow; but this will only absorb a comparatively small sum, and her Majesty will come to no decision as to what shall be done with the remainder of the offering until the approximate amount of it is known.

One special feature of this enterprise is the way in which it is bringing out ladies of position as public speakers. Many Peeresses have delivered addresses at the meetings which have been held to promote the Women's Jubilee Fund in all the principal towns. It is very suitable that the Queen's long reign should serve as a stimulus to many of her cultured and clever women-subjects to try their powers in a new direction. It has often, of course, been her Majesty's own duty to read or speak to large gatherings; and it is surprising that so illustrious an example should not have been widely followed much earlier in the reign than this fiftieth year. The Queen herself has always been noted for her excellent elocution and the clearness and ringing quality of her voice in speaking to vast masses of her subjects: even when she has addressed great open-air gatherings, such as the famous Aldershot review, after the Crimean war, her words have been heard distinctly at a great distance.

When Harriet Martineau was offered a pension by Lord Melbourne, she wrote, though declining the money, "I, in common with other authors, have just cause to complain of my poverty. If literary property had been protected by law, as all other property is, I should now have been enjoying more than a competence." The death of Mrs. Henry Wood recalls to one's mind the inadequate protection still afforded to the produce of an author's brain. Mrs. Wood's semi-sensational, semi-sentimental novel, "East Lynne," was dramatised without her leave, the plot of a novel being entirely at the mercy of the first highway robber who takes a fancy to it. Probably "East Lynne" has been acted more frequently than any other single drama in the last twenty years, but the authoress never received a shilling from it; while, "if literary property had been protected by law, as all other property is," she would probably have gained about £50,000 from this source. Again, had there been a copyright treaty with the United States, she would have received many thousands of pounds from that country. There are so few ways open to women of making large fortunes that it seems peculiarly hard that justice should be so neglected in the laws about the calling of literature, where our sex really has an equal chance and thoroughly holds its own.

Copyright should not be interminable, however, in the interests of literature and of the permanent repute of authors. If the hope of posthumous fame do indeed incite to the laborious "stalwart struggle of the will" which all great achievement implies, then it would be mischievous to leave permanently in the hands of heirs (who may be ignorant or jealous) the power of suppressing the works of the dead. Mrs. Browning's poetry is about to appear in a cheap form for the first time, as a result of the running out of the copyright. The view which our greatest poetess's legal representatives have taken of their duty has been to prevent "popular" republication of her writings, even the free permission to quote, commonly accorded as a matter of course to respectable compilers of collections of poetry, having been refused with regard to her writings. The expiry of copyright, however, has given the enterprising publisher a free hand, and the appearance of a cheap edition of her works is accordingly announced. Thus the writings of the greatest woman-poet of England will become accessible at last to the multitude, by that cessation of private property in literary work which occasionally seems hard measure to the author and his heirs.

Salads that are to be placed upon the table as part of its decoration should never, in my humble judgment, be mixed before putting on when they consist at all of green vegetables. It is as barbarous to *marinate* a salad, leaving it to stand soaking in the dressing, as it would be to open oysters an hour before eating them *au naturel*. The best method of proceeding is either to place the salad on the table merely washed and dried, and to trust the servant to put the dressing on and mix it at the sideboard just before serving, or, if the party is a small one, to have the dressing put in the bottom of the bowl before the salad is laid in, and let the host or hostess stir it up at table at the moment of serving.

French beans, when very young, make an excellent *entremets* as salad. They should be cooked rapidly in salted boiling water without a lid on the saucepan, then plunged into cold water, which treatment preserves their green colour. After being carefully drained out of the cold water they should be sprinkled with salt, pepper, and vinegar, and so allowed to stand for some hours; the vinegar then should be poured away and a dressing stirred over of oil and vinegar, the dish being completed by a slight sprinkling over the top of finely chopped tarragon. On a hot night this salad becomes delicious if it be placed in an ice-cave or freezing machine for a little while before serving. Asparagus points dressed with oil and vinegar and frozen are also delicious. Potato salad is good made of young potatoes cut in slices, sprinkled with a little finely chopped thyme, pepper, and salt, and dressed first with the vinegar thoroughly stirred up, and then with cream instead of oil; a few capers go well in this salad. Artichoke bottoms chopped small, and mixed with the white hearts of long lettuce, also chopped up finely (with a silver knife), is another capital *entremets*.

As to the ornamental salads, a variety of them can be devised. A very original and handsome one is made as follows: Soak half-a-pint of small white haricot beans all night, then boil them in milk for three hours; they should by that time be perfectly soft, but unbroken. Take a plain glass bowl, moderately deep. In the centre place the curly white heart of an endive, judiciously trimmed into a round and not too straggling shape; it is simply to serve as a foundation. Chop parsley very fine, and mix it, and a dressing of oil and vinegar, thoroughly with the beans when cold. Put the beans all round the endive in the dish, then, having a pct of caviare ready, push the beans aside in four or five places symmetrically, and fill the space up with caviare. This is decorative whether it be viewed from the top or the side, but it looks best mounted on a silver stand as a centre-piece, the alternate white flecked with green and narrow black lines showing prettily through the glass, and the curly endive just peeping up over the top, in the centre. This needs no more dressing, but can be removed and handed as the last dish of the savoury part of the dinner, a bowl of fruit being ready to put in its place on the table. Another decorative salad is made of cooked beet-root, raw tomatoes, and cold boiled potatoes, cut into squares of equal size and dressed, each vegetable separately, with a dressing of oil, vinegar, the pounded yellow of hard-boiled eggs, and a dash of anchovy sauce, then placed in a bowl in regular alternation of colour round the heart of a small lettuce, and decorated on top with the hard-boiled whites of eggs cut into shapes: but this salad looks better than it eats, in my judgment. F. F.-M.

ART NOTES.

At the Old Bond-street Galleries, Messrs. Agnew have, after their annual custom, brought together a collection of water-colour drawings which is fairly illustrative of the progress of that branch of art. Girtin, Cosens, Varley, and Sandby represent the earlier phases; and, if not so strongly as on previous occasions, the study of "Windor" (275), by the first named, and of "Eton" (249), by the last, fully sustain their reputation. Of the Turner sketches, the "Llangollen Bridge" (258) belongs to a period when coloured, or rather washed, drawings passed current as water colours. The most important of his works here exhibited is the view of "Simmer Lake" (256), which belongs to the "Richmondshire" series, and therefore marks one of the best periods of the artist's life. David Roberts is represented by "Rouen Cathedral" (281); S. Prout by "Nurnburg" (41) and "Milan" (47), both of them chefs d'œuvre; and C. J. Lewis by "Battersea Reach" (42), somewhat too grey, and scarcely smoky enough according to our present ideas, and by "Battersea Bridge" (46). Of more modern workers there is no lack; and amongst them may be mentioned Rosetti's "Ophelia" (100), unplesing in colour and weak in expression; Burne Jones's "Cupid and Psyche" (97), an early and unsatisfactory work; three or four excellent figure studies by Sir J. D. Linton, of which "The Mandoline" (5), a girl in brown, is the most noteworthy; Mr. H. S. Marks's "What Is It?" (27), a group of men and women, whose backs only are visible, straining over the parapet of a bridge; Mr. G. F. Wetherbee's "Anxious Moments" (25) and Mr. David Green's "Plymouth Trawlers" (54), Mrs. Allingham's "Pensioners' Garden" (33) and Mr. Fred. Walker's "Lilies" (247), which should have been hung nearer together; a series of minute and carefully-finished drawings by Mr. Birket Foster (177-208), and an even more interesting, though less numerous, set by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, scattered over the wall at the further end of the room. Other names which deserve recognition are Miss Edith Berkeley (133), Mr. A. Quinton (140), Mr. J. W. Watt (218), Mr. Macbeth (87), Mr. Sidney Cooper (145), Mr. Alma Tadema (250), Sir J. Millais (223), Mr. MacWhirter (151), and others. Taken as a whole, the collection is highly interesting and instructive; and Messrs. Agnew deserve much praise for the completeness of the series exhibited.

The managers of the Nineteenth Century Art Society have once more changed the pictures on their walls; and the public have no reason to complain of any want of variety in the wares offered for their inspection. It is not, however, variety alone which attracts the public, and however much we may commend the society for its energy, the same praise cannot be always awarded to its discrimination. As an exercising place for future Academicians, the walls of the Conduit-street Galleries afford abundant scope; and it must be admitted that already two or three popular favourites whose merits are daily becoming better recognised made their debut in these exhibitions. For anyone gifted with powers of divination, a careful inspection of the works of the members of this society may bear good results, and the ordinary public desirous to indulge a passing fancy may find many things here to please the eye.

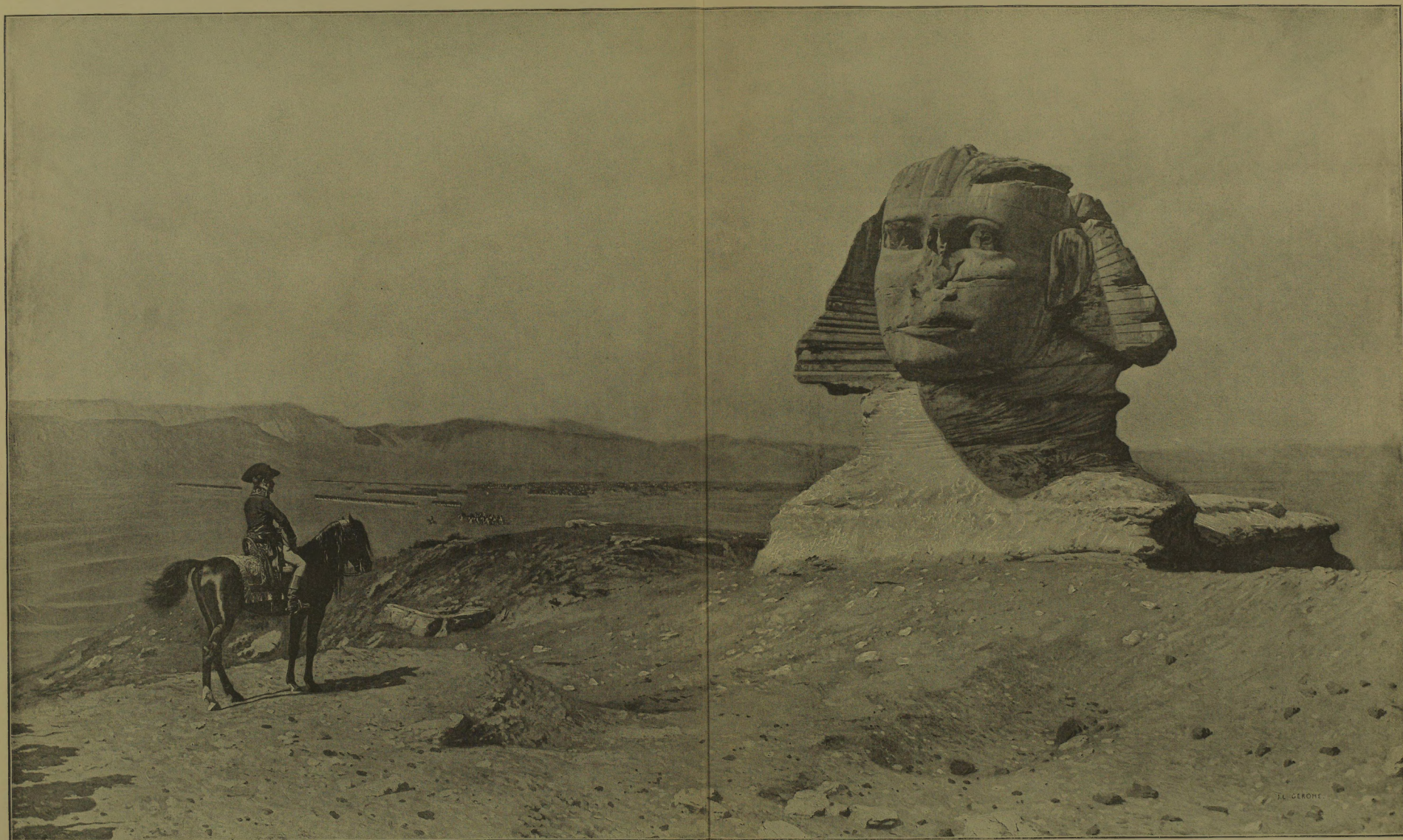
THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND.

The trial of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. Sheehy, M.P., Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Crilly, M.P., for conspiring, with Mr. Matthew Harris, M.P., and others, "to incite and procure tenants to refuse to pay, and not to pay, to the owners of lands, the rents they had contracted to pay," began at Dublin on Monday, before Mr. Justice Murphy, but the whole of the first day was spent in discussing the objections taken to the empanelling of the jury, which is drawn from the county of Dublin. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Michael Davitt made speeches at Nationalist League and Plan of Campaign meetings at Woodford and Loughrea, in Galway, where a serious conflict with the police occurred next day. The mail-car was attacked near Loughrea, and the driver was wounded.

An incident of the evictions in county Clare, which we mentioned two or three weeks ago, is the subject of a Sketch by our Special Artist. At Rossmannagher, where the Sub-Sheriff, with several bailiffs, with a force of a hundred armed constabulary, went to evict a farmer on the estate of Mr. H. V. Desterre, resistance was offered by a large gathering of people, assembled by the blowing of horns and ringing of the chapel bell. The windows of the house were barricaded, and the front door was removed, but against the opening were placed large iron gates supported by a pile of stones. Inside the gates, but commanding a view of what was taking place outside, stood the Rev. Father Little, the parish priest, in chains. These were tied round his body and connected with the gates, so that an entrance could not be effected without molestation of his person. He declared that they should trample on his (the rev. speaker's) body before so inhuman an act was carried out. At length the bailiffs were set to work, but they experienced much difficulty in removing the stones and other obstructions. All the time a man kept sounding a horn, and the multitude was fast increasing. When the crowd pressed in on the bailiffs, Captain Walsh ordered the police to draw their batons and disperse the people. The majority fled, but many came in for hard knocks, and some were seriously hurt. Constable Fitzgerald, having made himself conspicuous in the charge, was attacked, knocked down, and his hand injured. Father Little, who continued chained to the gates, protested against the conduct of the police and those in charge of them. After a time the operations of the bailiffs were stopped, and a suggestion as to arranging the difficulty was made. Mr. Desterre assured those present that his desire was to have an amicable settlement if possible. A proposal as to the purchase of the farm was discussed by the enchaind clergyman and the landlord, who pointed out that he had received no rent out of the farm for the past four years—a sum of between £600 and £700 being now due to him. The basis of agreement put forward on behalf of the tenant was eighteen years' purchase at forty-five shillings an acre. It was ultimately resolved to stop the eviction pending the consideration and carrying out of the agreement.

On Monday night, near Ballycar, county Clare, an emergency bailiff, named John Byers, with his assistant, M'Manus, guarded by Sergeant O'Connor and two police-constables, all armed, was conveying in a cart building materials to repair a farm-house at Clenagh Castle, the property of Mr. O'Grady, of Abbeyfeale, from which two brothers named Lynch had been evicted, and Byers had been put in possession. This party, at a short distance from the Ballycar railway station, was fired upon by some men in ambush; Byers was mortally wounded, and M'Manus and Sergeant O'Connor were also wounded, but are expected to recover.

At Mitchelstown, county Cork, a ferocious placard has been posted by the "Vigilance Committee," reviling, in coarse and abusive language, Lady Kingston, her agent, her solicitors, the bailiffs on her estate, the clerk to the union, and one or two tenants who pay their rent; the people are called upon to "boycott" all these persons.



NAPOLEON AND THE SPHINX.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. GEROME.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1866.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

According to all accounts much preliminary faith had been invested in a play called "The Professor's Wooing" which saw the daylight, and most probably its death, at the Royalty Theatre a few mornings ago. This was one of the wonderful works that had enjoyed an enormous success in America, but had, hitherto, been strongly neglected in England. It was to provide Mr. Beerbohm Tree with a character far funnier than the mild and meek curate created by him in "The Private Secretary," and, if rumour was to be believed, the play was so adroitly composed of farce and comedy that it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that the "comic pastoral" would do for the dignified and refined Haymarket. Alas! all these hopes were soon dashed to the ground when the play was put forward and exposed to public scrutiny. Possibly, Mr. Gillette's work is of that order that reads better than it acts; but it would be hard for the most accomplished artist to extract much fun from a character whose humour can only be detected by the application of a microscope, and a play that is a thing of shreds and patches. The modern notion of violently contrasting the sentimental and the ludicrous, the serious and the farcical, is a dangerous experiment at any time; but it becomes a task impossible of achievement without the daring of a Gilbert or the neat workmanship of a Pinero. A child has been stolen at birth and sold to gipsies; and she is discovered, when a graceful maiden, wandering in a woodland glade, using the brook for a mirror and conversing with the song-birds on the branches. It is supposed to be funny to elect for the champion of this artless and romantic maiden a witless imbecile called the Professor, whose brain, when it is not wool-gathering, is occupied with scientific jargon collected from cheap manuals. The love-scene between the gipsy-girl and the scientific Professor, supposed to be so desperately clever, turns out in action to be hopelessly dull and pointless. But even if the character of the Professor were more striking than it is, it assuredly would not conceal the weak spots of a play that has no plot, and a story that is destitute of interest. All that could be done for the "comic pastoral" was certainly accomplished. Mr. Beerbohm Tree devoted his intelligence and neat manipulation to the inconsequent and unintelligible hero, and Miss Everetta Lawrence strove to make natural and artless the woodland child who is rescued from romance by the all-powerful arm of science. But their labour was fruitless. No acting, however good, could possibly help to a happy end a play that from the outset was pretentiously silly. A good honest downright farce is infinitely preferable to these scientific expositions of fun that are apparently in vogue. When fun is reduced to a subtle science it is apt to become wearisome.

Miss Edith Dixon, a young lady of considerable attainments and high intelligence, has made a very successful début as a public reciter. A crowded and withal critical audience assembled at the Prince's Hall to welcome her to the public platform, and it is quite certain that their confidence in her power was well bestowed. In addition to a handsome and expressive face, Miss Dixon has a voice capable of endless variety of tone and that power of abstraction or losing her identity in her subject that would be of the greatest value to her if she ever adopted the stage as a profession. Your ordinary platform reciters are desperately conscious. They are first; the poem second, if not nowhere. Miss Edith Dixon is an artist of a different pattern, and allows her powerful imagination full scope. In Longfellow's "Vision Beautiful" and again in Tennyson's "Victim" she succeeded in painting a picture before her audience and transporting them in imagination far away from a public concert-room. Her attitudes are graceful and never affected. And the young lady has humour also, as was proved in her recital of "Tim Linkinwater's proposal to Miss La Creevy," from "Nicholas Nickleby." Merely by appropriate gesture and change of voice, Miss Dixon succeeded in bringing the whole scene before her audience. It may be hoped that a young lady who has such strong artistic promise, and such evident imagination, may eventually be induced to turn her attention to the stage, not at present too well stocked with competent actresses. When the time comes for the romantic and poetic drama to be re-established in public favour, such an enthusiastic temperament as this should not be wholly devoted to the lecture-hall and literary institution.

On the same evening that Miss Dixon appeared in Piccadilly a very pleasant evening was spent at the pretty art-galleries in Conduit-street, where Mr. Chillingham Hunt, who has considerable reputation as an elocutionist, recited from ancient and modern poets to a delighted audience, and Mrs. M. A. Carlisle added to the pleasure of the evening by her charming singing. Her rendering of De Lara's delightful and dreamy "Garden of Sleep" was sincerely appreciated. Altogether, it was a very refined and successful entertainment.

C. S.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of Major H. W. B. T. Haverfield, R.A., A.D.C., and the Hon. Evelina Scarlett, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Abinger, of Inverlochy Castle, Kingussie, N.B., took place on the 10th inst., in St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington, Colonel Blackley, Royal Artillery, accompanied the bridegroom as best man. The bride was given away by Lord Abinger.

The marriage of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Walter Cecil Carpenter, of Kiplin, Yorkshire, second son of Henry John, eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, and the Hon. Beatrice De Grey, second daughter of Thomas, fifth Lord Walsingham, was solemnised in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on the 10th inst. Commander Rickman, R.N., was the best man; and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Mabel and Hon. Odeyne De Grey (sisters of the bride), Miss Carpenter, and Miss Evelyn Talbot. The bride was also attended by three little pages, Master Humphrey Talbot, Master George De Grey, and Master Michael De Grey, her nephews. Lord Walsingham gave his sister away.

On Tuesday afternoon the marriage of Captain Charles Crutchley, Scots Guards, second son of General Crutchley, of Sunninghill Park, Ascot, with Sybil, only daughter of the Hon. Henry J. and Lady Katherine Coke, and grand-daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Wilton, was solemnised in St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, in the presence of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and a large congregation of relatives and friends, including most of the officers of the Scots Guards and the Guards' Camel Corps.

A Select Committee of the House of Lords has passed the Bill promoted by the London Street Tramways Company, authorising the construction of tramways along the Gray's Inn-road, from King's-cross to Theobald's-road, Holborn, and along the Highgate-road from Kentish-town-road to Swain's-lane. The Bill also sanctions connecting lines along Chalk Farm-road, Ferdinand-road, and Crowndale-road, which will considerably shorten the existing route from Hampstead to the City. This Bill, which was rejected by the House of Commons in 1885, has now received the sanction of both Houses.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 15.

The extraordinary war budget of eighty-six millions has been voted without discussion, also the navy budget of thirty millions. Seventy-one millions of the war credits will be devoted to modification of the armament, and fifteen millions to the construction of barracks and fortifications.

The Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, M. Lockroy, has seriously compromised his position and reputation by replying in the style of a vulgar comic journalist to a protestation against the erection of the Eiffel tower. This protestation, in the name of taste, art, and history, against the monstrous, hideous, and useless tower, is signed by some of the most eminent artists, sculptors, poets, and literary men of Paris, amongst whom are Meissonier, Gounod, C. Garnier, Sardou, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Dumas, Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Leconte de Lisle, Merici, Lefebvre, Saint-Marceaux, Duez, Guy De Maupassant, and Pailleton. M. Lockroy's reply is so undignified, so puerile, so disrespectful, that one can hardly believe that it is the production of a man whose state of mind is such as to render him fully responsible for his acts. M. Lockroy ends his reply by promising to frame the protestation and exhibit it in 1889. "Such fine and noble prose," he says, "signed by names that are known all over the world will not fail to attract the crowd, and perhaps to astonish it." However, the fact remains that the protestation comes rather late; the money for constructing the hideous tower has been granted, and the foundations are already laid.

On Sunday a revolutionary manifestation took place at the cemetery of Père Lachaise, on the occasion of the second anniversary of the death of Jules Vallés. The venerable Felix Pyat, who is now seventy-seven years of age, delivered a very eloquent discourse, and mingled real tears with his moving periods. Louise Michel and other orators followed; and then the crowd visited the graves of the Communists, where one orator announced that in less than a year the revenge of the proletarians would be an accomplished fact. "And then," he said, "the burying-place of our dead will be en fête. We will come here and plant our flags, all dripping wet with the blood of the bourgeois." After this the crowd repaired to the Salle Graffard, and in violent language tore to pieces General Boulanger, and glorified the anarchist Duval, who is to be guillotined one of these days. The manifestation passed off without incident, and no special importance need be attached to it.

Alphonse Daudet's dramatisation of his novel "Numa Roumestan" will be produced, in five acts, at the Odéon to-night. Judging from the dress rehearsal at which I was present yesterday, the piece, without proving to be a popular success, will be found very amusing and very interesting, because it is entirely unconventional. The author has put upon the stage, with great art of dialogue and of mise-en-scène, charming and touching tableaux of real life.

Après of the stage, M. Bodinier, the secretary of the Comédie Française, has published a pamphlet, which is being discussed in all the newspapers, and which recommends the establishment of a "Conservatoire de Déclamation" and a "Théâtre d'Application," under State patronage. The present Conservatoire is so completely monopolised by the musical students that the classes of tragedy and comedy are neglected; furthermore, the system of travelling companies and the ruin of provincial theatres has deprived young actors of the means of practising their art; the consequence is that, unless measures are rapidly taken, there will soon be no more actors in France—at any rate for the classical repertory. It is a striking fact that "Britannicus" and "Athalie" cannot be played at the Comédie Française nowadays simply because the company does not include the necessary tragedians and tragédiennes. M. Bodinier has opportunely called attention to a matter on which the future of the French stage absolutely depends.

The first ball of the season took place without éclat at the Elysée last Thursday.—M. E. Hervé, editor of the Orléanist halfpenny journal *Le Soleil*, was received at the French Academy last week.

T. C.

On Monday the Italian Senate voted the Budget. Signor Depretis has been charged by King Humbert with the formation of a new Cabinet.

The Minister of the Colonies for Spain has received news that the expedition under the command of the Captain-General of the Philippines has arrived at Mindanao, and has occupied and fortified Bakat, on the Rio Grande.

The returns of the Hungarian Treasury for 1886 show an increase of 5,116,276 florins over those of the previous year. A credit of 8,000,000 florins was voted on Tuesday by the Hungarian Diet for the organisation of the Landsturm. In the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath a bill was introduced authorising a credit of 12,000,000 florins for the same purpose.

King Oscar of Sweden, the Queen, the Crown Prince, and the Crown Princess, with a large suite, arrived at Christiania last Tuesday from Stockholm, on a visit of some weeks.

The Czar has decreed that a special Asiatic branch of the General Staff shall be formed, to which the military districts of the Caucasus, Turkestan, Omsk, Irkutsk, and the Amoor and Transcaspian territories will be subordinated.

Mr. Manning, Secretary to the Treasury, on Monday visited the Executive Mansion, and tendered his resignation to President Cleveland. This will enable him to accept the presidency of the New Western National Bank of New York.—The ex-Alderman O'Neill, of New York, who was found guilty of bribery in connection with the Broadway Railway affair, has been sentenced to four and a half years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 2000 dol.

Sir W. Fitzherbert, Speaker of the New Zealand Legislative Council, has been appointed delegate to represent the colony at the approaching Colonial Conference in London.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has, it is stated, accepted the Under-Secretaryship of State for the Colonies, vacant by the resignation of the Earl of Dunraven.

It has been decided that the memorial to the late Earl of Idlesleigh shall take the form of a statue, to be erected within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament.

The Convocation of the northern province met in York Minster on Tuesday, when the Dean of York was elected Prolocutor of the Lower House. The Archbishop gave an address, and both Houses proceeded to business.

Much rejoicing was occasioned at Ikeston on Tuesday by the receipt of the charter of incorporation. The streets were decorated with flags, bells were rung, and business was suspended at noon.

Last week 2563 births and 1418 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 457, and the deaths 605, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 24 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 17 from diphtheria, 37 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, 7 from enteric fever and 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A public meeting of the citizens of Westminster, representatively attended and presided over by the High Bailiff, was held on the 10th inst. in the Townhall, where a resolution recommending the citizens to support the Imperial Institute as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee was passed. The general committee of the Queen's Jubilee Church House met in the house of the National Society, Broad Sanctuary, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, and the report of the Executive Committee was read and adopted. It appeared that the amount already in hand is £23,000.

A town's meeting, convened by the Mayor, was held at Warwick yesterday week to consider the most suitable mode of celebrating and commemorating the Jubilee in the borough. The Town Council suggested that a free dinner should be provided to the poor, and that public baths should be erected as a permanent memorial of the Jubilee. On the proposition of the Mayor, the scheme was unanimously adopted, and the subscription list headed by Mr. Montague Nelson with an offer of £500.—At a crowded meeting in Blackburn Townhall it was decided to build a technical and art school in Blackburn to commemorate the Jubilee year. The question has been taken up with great spirit by the public bodies of the town and ratepayers generally, and, on the question being mooted, the Mayor of Blackburn headed the subscription list with a donation of £500. The sum to be raised is fixed at £25,000, and towards this amount £12,000 has already been promised, which includes several donations of £500 each.—The Duke of Bedford, as Lord Lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, has given £1000 towards the county subscription for the Imperial Institute.—An influential county meeting was held at Northampton, under the presidency of Earl Spencer, to consider the proposal of the Prince of Wales to establish an Imperial Institute. The Lord Lieutenant was supported by the Duke of Grafton, Lord Henley, the Bishop of Peterborough, and many others. A resolution in favour of the proposal was carried, and a committee was formed to carry the same into effect.—A meeting of ladies was held at the Guildhall, Norwich, with a view of promoting the Women's Jubilee Offering. The Mayoress moved a resolution expressing the sympathy of the meeting with the movement, and a committee and a sub-committee were appointed. The Mayoress stated that sixty cities and boroughs and twelve counties had already commenced operations.—At a meeting of the Leeds Jubilee Committee the Town Clerk read several letters giving subscriptions to the fund, the donors in each case dividing their gifts between the Imperial Yorkshire College and the Fine Art Gallery. A sub-committee was appointed to consider and consult with the representatives of the working classes as to the best way of carrying out a resolution to organise a general rejoicing suitable to the occasion.

At a representative meeting for Hampshire, held last Saturday at Winchester, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Selborne, and the Earl of Northbrook being among the speakers, it was resolved to support the Imperial Institute.—Earl Percy presided at a meeting at Newcastle, where a similar resolution was adopted.—At Eton, on Saturday night, a large representative committee was appointed to co-operate with Windsor in celebrating the Jubilee.

On Monday the Corporation of London resolved to present an address to the Queen on the completion of her Jubilee year, and to contribute £5000 to the Imperial Institute.—An influential meeting of ladies was held in Westminster in support of the movement for a Women's Jubilee Offering, when the necessary resolutions were passed.—At a meeting of merchants and manufacturers at Macclesfield, the Mayor presiding, the programme of a week's rejoicings in honour of the Jubilee was approved. At a meeting of ladies it was agreed to present her Majesty with a silk counterpane, splendidly embroidered, at a cost of about 100 gs.—A meeting presided over by the Mayor, was held in Liverpool to adopt means to commemorate the Jubilee. The Mayor headed the subscription list with £100.—At a meeting of the County Committee of Warwickshire, held in the Shirehall, Warwick, Lord Leigh presiding, it was decided that subscription lists should be forthwith opened in aid of the fund for founding the Imperial Institute. Arrangements were likewise made for the formation of local committees.—A well-attended town's meeting was held at Aylesbury, Baron F. Rothschild presiding, to consider the best means of celebrating the Jubilee. It was resolved to canvass the town for subscriptions, part to be devoted to an entertainment to the children of the town, and the remainder applied towards the endowment of the Buckinghamshire Infirmary, and towards the Imperial Institute.—The women of Heligoland are determined not to be behind other parts of the Queen's dominions, for at a recent meeting at Government House, under the auspices of Mrs. O'Brien, the Governor's wife, it was decided to present her Majesty on her Jubilee with a specimen of the only colonial industry, in the shape of a carriage-rug made of the white feathers of the sea-birds which frequent the island.

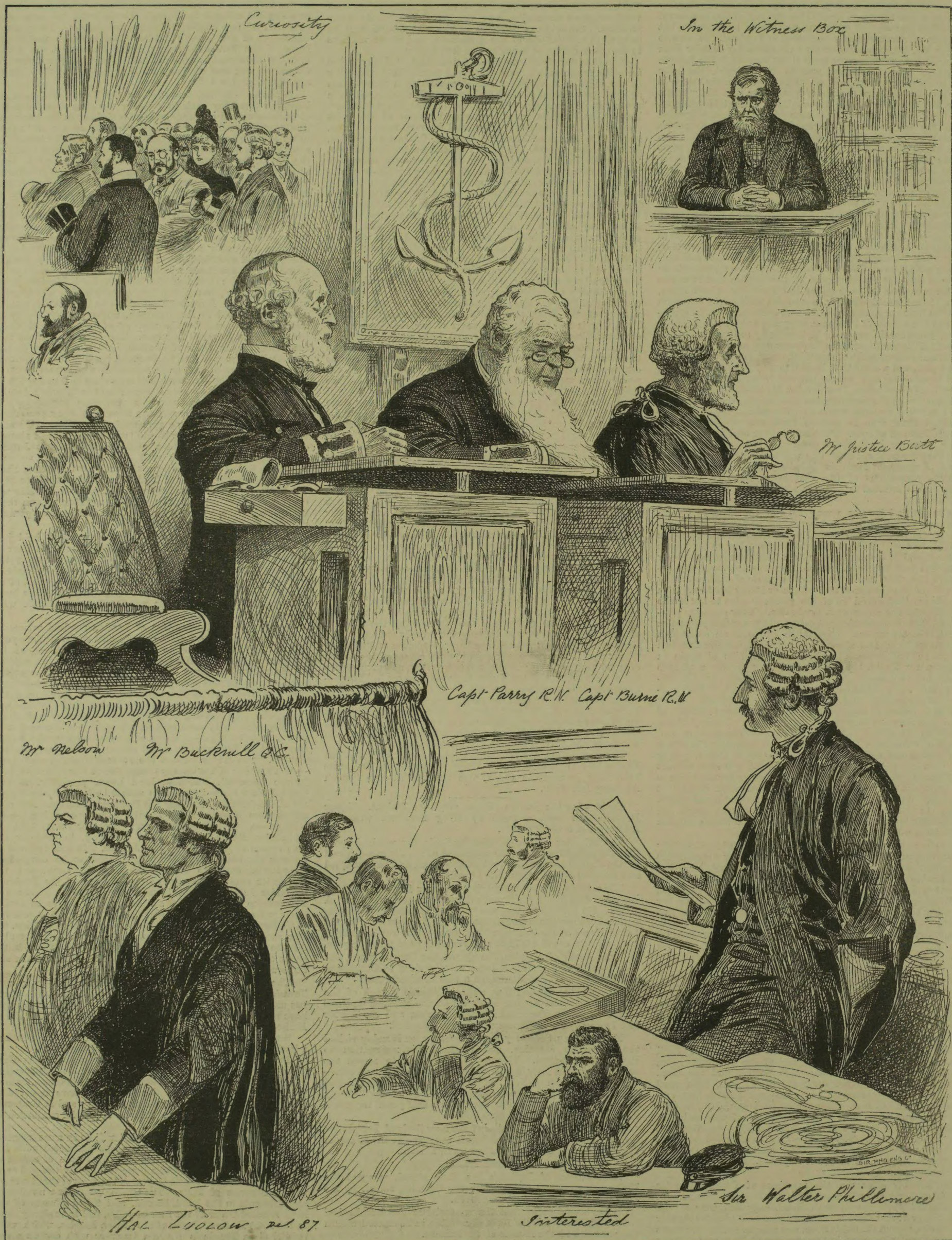
The Jubilee is to be marked at Trowbridge by a new Townhall, which Mr. T. R. Brown, a resident in the town, has undertaken to give to it. The Sheffield Jubilee Committee have resolved to acquire recreation-grounds at Sudcliffe and at East-end, and to subscribe £1000 to the Imperial Institute.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., has offered £5000 to establish a high school at Banbury, in celebration of the Jubilee.

Public meetings have been held throughout the Cape Colony with a view to the adoption of measures for celebrating her Majesty's Jubilee. The Town Council of Capetown, besides voting a sum of money for the festivities, have resolved to erect a new Townhall, at a cost of £50,000; and at Grahams-town it has been decided to hold an industrial exhibition in December.

Last Wednesday there began what will be in some respects the most striking of all the celebrations connected with the Jubilee. Over the whole of that vast aggregate of countries and peoples which we call India there were festivities and ceremonies in honour of the fiftieth year of the reign of the Sovereign who is Empress of India. The Queen has made a number of appointments to the First, Second, and Third Classes of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, and to various grades in the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, which were published in Tuesday's *Gazette*, together with certain alterations in the statutes of the Order of the Indian Empire in conformity with which the new appointments have been made. Twenty-five thousand prisoners, being one third of the number now under sentence in the Indian jails for criminal offences, were released in honour of the Jubilee. Civil criminals in jail for debts under one hundred rupees were also released, the Government paying the debts.

The annual report of the Newspaper Press Fund, published on Monday, states that the number of members now enrolled is 440, of whom 167 are life-members. The grants during the year amounted to £1240. The investments in the hands of trustees amount to £16,550. The income of the year was about £2540, in addition to a balance of £883 from the previous year.



SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS: THE ADMIRALTY COURT, No. 2.

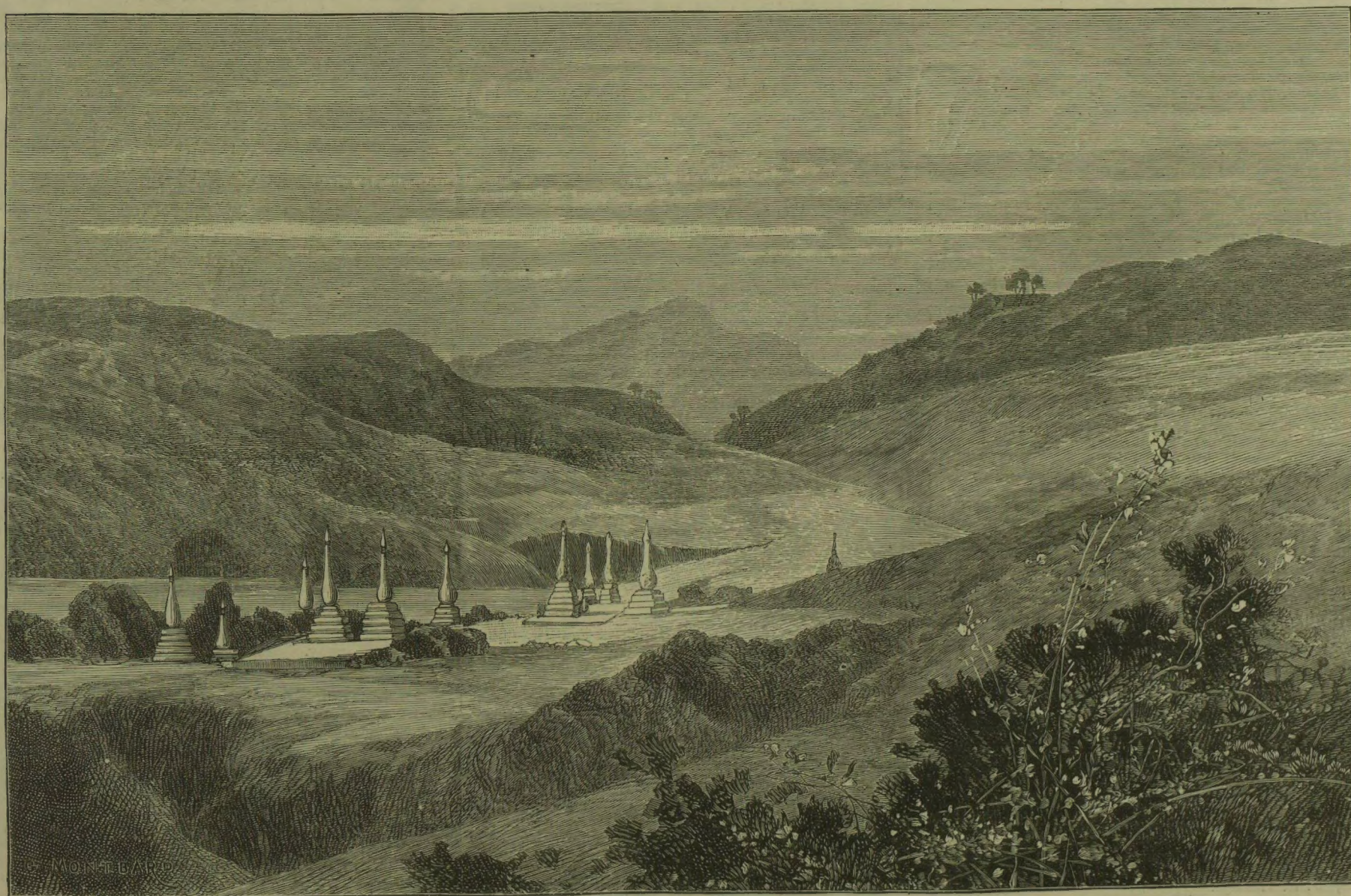
Two Judges, Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice Butt, exercise joint jurisdiction in the combined Divorce, Probate, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. There are two Court-rooms, No. 1 being devoted to the trial of Divorce, Matrimonial, and Testamentary causes; No. 2 to the business of the Admiralty Court jurisdiction at sea. Sir James Hannen and Mr. Justice Butt take it in turns, one term with another, to sit alternately in these Courts; and Mr. Justice Butt is the Admiralty Judge for the present term. He sits on the Bench with two naval officers as assessors, who are, in the Illustration

sketched by our Artist, Captain Burne, R.N., and Captain Parry, R.N. The leading counsel who appear here are Sir Walter Phillimore, Q.C., Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., and Mr. Nelson. The public gallery, as in other Courts, is visited by spectators, amongst whom a lady may sometimes be seen; but they are not likely, unless they be interested in nautical affairs, to find the proceedings very attractive. A case of damage to one vessel by collision with another, of disputed salvage, or claims from a charter-party, though important to shipowners and to shippers or insurers of cargo, and to the responsible masters of ships,

does not awaken lively sympathy in the ordinary mind. The arguments of counsel are apt to be rather abstruse, and to involve much citation of dry legal precedents; but the witnesses being often seafaring men, of blunt speech and of no little shrewdness in their own way, a cross-examination may be attended with amusing incidents. Eminent lawyers have begun the making of their reputations and fortunes in this Court; and its decisions, which may involve profound learning, have earned for some Judges an abiding renown, especially in war-time when prizes were being captured at sea.



CAMP OF 51st KING'S OWN LIGHT INFANTRY AT MOGOK.



MOGOK, THE CENTRE OF THE RUBY MINES DISTRICT.

SKETCHES IN UPPER BURMAH: BY LIEUTENANT A. G. MARRABLE, 51st KING'S OWN.

THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived last Saturday on a visit to the Queen at Osborne, and will remain there until the Court returns to Windsor. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, drove through West Cowes. Mr. W. T. Marriott, the Judge-Advocate-General, had an audience of her Majesty. Lord Methuen and the Rev. Canon Capel Cure arrived at Osborne on Saturday, when Lord Methuen had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Albany, attended Divine service at Whippingham Church on Sunday morning; the Rev. Canon Capel Cure preached. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Lord Methuen and the Rev. Canon Capel Cure had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty went out on Monday morning with Princess Beatrice. The date of her Majesty's visit to Birmingham has been altered from May 14 to a date yet to be fixed in March. The Queen has sent a message to Sir Edmund Currie informing him that she will be happy to open the Queen's Hall at the People's Palace for East London, on Saturday, May 14.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains a notification that her Majesty has been pleased to issue letters patent appointing that the Order of the Indian Empire shall be henceforth designated as "The Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire," and ordaining that there shall be an additional class of Members or Companions.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by Miss Knollys and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, were present at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector and Domestic Chaplain, preached. In the evening the Princess and her daughters drove to Wolferton and attended the parish church, where the sermon was preached by Canon Kelly.

The Church of St. George, at Cannes, within which is a memorial chapel to the late Duke of Albany, was consecrated last Saturday by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, his son, Prince George, and the leading members of the English and American colony in the Riviera. On Sunday evening, his Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince George, attended Divine service at St. George's Church. The Préfet and the General commanding the division at Nice paid visits to the Prince.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Lieutenant in the 10th (Prince of Wales's) Hussars, has passed successfully in the general examination of officers, held last month, for promotion to the rank of Captain.

Yesterday week the Duchess of Albany presented the prizes of the 5th Surrey Rifles, at the Drill Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, in the presence of a large assembly. General Sir Orfeur Cavenagh presided. This is the corps of which the late Duke of Albany was about to be gazetted Colonel at the time of his death.

THE RUBY MINES EXPEDITION, BURMAH.

On Dec. 27, the Ruby Mine column under the command of General Stewart, A.D.C., consisting of two mountain battery guns, two Gardner guns, with a hundred and fifty of the 51st King's Own Light Infantry, the 43rd Goorkha Light Infantry, and a company of Bengal Sappers and Miners, came in sight of Mogok, the centre of the ruby mining industry, in Upper Burma. The Goorkhas and the King's Own had previously driven the Shans out of a very strong stockade by a successful flank movement, killing about twenty of them; with only one man wounded on our side. After a rest on Christmas Day, the column cautiously advanced, but found that the Shans had evacuated a nasty-looking stockade at the top of the pass. On the next day, Mogok itself was found deserted. The troops encamped on the hills overlooking the town. General Stewart allowed no troops to enter the town for three days, and thus confidence was assured, and the villagers began to return, bringing in their arms, and specimens of rubies, all of a very inferior quality. The houses and Poungy-kyoungs are well built and elaborately carved; and the inhabitants are reported to be very rich. The Ruby Mines, which have long been famous, extend about seventy miles north-east of Mandalay, being situated in a valley, about a hundred miles square, surrounded by nine mountains, on one of which evidently the column under General Stewart is now encamped. They are described by Tavernier, a writer of the seventeenth century, as producing not only rubies, but yellow topazes, blue and white sapphires, amethysts, emeralds, and other precious stones. In the present century, Father Giuseppe D'Amato visited the mines at Kyat-Pyen about 1830; and there is Mr. Bredemeyer, who about 1863 was in charge of other mines, situated in the Sagyin hills, which are nearer to Mandalay, being, in fact, only sixteen miles distant. Here the gems are found in the detritus from limestone or marble rocks, indicating a not unusual original matrix for them, judging from experience obtained elsewhere. The rubies from this locality are said to be less valuable than those from the more northern mines. It is said at Mandalay that the majority of the rubies found are less than a quarter of a carat in weight, and the larger ones are generally flawed. Sapphires, though relatively rare, are generally of larger size, stones of nine to thirteen carats without a flaw being found, while rubies of that size are seldom seen. The revenue from the mines, which constituted a Royal monopoly, amounted thirty years ago to from £12,500 to £15,000 per annum. The mines are claimed by the Indian Government, as successor to King Theebaw; and it may be thought that, with proper mining appliances and under British management, these mines might be made to yield a rich return. It may prove to be so, but experience in India and in Ceylon, under more favourable circumstances, does not justify that conclusion.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BIRD SHOW.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of canaries and British and foreign cage-birds was open at the Crystal Palace from Saturday to Thursday. An immense tent had been erected along the centre of the northern transept for the purpose of the exhibition, and there were 2000 entries in the ninety-five classes. Messrs. Macley Brothers, of Norwich, sent no fewer than 275 exhibits, which, in themselves, formed a very interesting collection. Miss E. Howieson, of Fernbank, Cheltenham, was awarded the Crystal Palace Company's special silver medal for mule canaries. The show of British and foreign birds was the largest that has been held at the Palace for the last ten years. The cockatoos were a noticeable feature of the exhibition. Upwards of 300 prizes were awarded among the various classes. The judges for canaries were Messrs. G. Barnesby, J. Bexson, J. Doel, and R. G. Bird; for British birds, Messrs. J. F. Hills and J. A. Sleep; for foreign birds, Messrs. Harrison Weir and J. Jenner Weir; and for stuffed birds, Mr. W. Aldridge.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Lord Clinton to be Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire, in the place of the late Earl of Idlesleigh.

THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS.

The grand picture by the French painter Gérôme, an engraving of which is presented for our Extra Supplement this week, represents one of the most romantic incidents in the life of Napoleon Buonaparte, when, in July, 1798, he led his army to the neighbourhood of Cairo, prepared to dispute the possession of Egypt with the Mamelukes, surveyed the stupendous monuments of the remotest antiquity, bade his soldiers reflect that, as he said, "From the top of those Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you"; and then, having fought and won a great battle on the plain west of the city towards Ghizeh, may be imagined to have paused in profound meditation before the awful figure of the Sphinx.

This gigantic work of mysterious symbolic art, which is considered by Professor Maspero the oldest monument in Egypt, being referred to the prehistoric ages before Mena, the first King of the first recorded dynasty, is now found to stand in the centre of a vast artificial nether platform hewn out of the solid rock, east of the Pyramid of Chafra, but fronting the general group of Pyramids; there being nine of them at Ghizeh—three large and the others comparatively small. The Sphinx is cut out of a great mass of stone, with additions of other pieces of stone in certain parts, to complete its form, which is that of a couchant lion with a human head, its gaze turned in the direction of the rising sun. The whole figure has a length of 188 ft. 9 in., and is above 100 ft. high, though it has lost the helmet that formerly crowned the head; the space between the paws is 35 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which, the famous stela of Thothmes IV., yet remains. This stela records how the King, when upon one of his hunting expeditions, lay down to rest at midday in the shadow of the Sphinx. He there fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the venerable image conjured him to clear away the sand in which it was nearly buried. Then the Prince awoke and "made silence in his heart," and vowed to do that which the god had commanded. The paws of the Sphinx, as they now appear, are a restoration of Roman date. The breast of the Sphinx has likewise been faced with slabs, apparently in Roman times; and these slabs are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travellers. The work of clearing away the sand, which has for ages hidden the base of the figure, is now being actively performed under the direction of Professor Maspero's successor, M. Grébaut. A tramway has been laid down from the Sphinx to the edge of the Pyramid plateau, and light trucks convey the sand to the point at which their contents are discharged, the trucks being loaded by Arabs of both sexes and all ages, who carry the sand upon their heads in large flat baskets, ascending and descending all day long between the excavations and the tramway. The results are astonishing. Already the entire fore-part of the great stone monster is laid bare, and the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest, are once more open to the light of day. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the Pyramid plateau, a vast space has also been cleared, bringing to view a fine flight of steps some 40 ft. in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncovered by Caviglia in 1817, but have been entirely lost to sight for nearly seventy years. A second flight of steps and the remains of two Roman buildings were also found by Caviglia, and will be again brought to light if M. Grébaut continues the work.

The Great Pyramid, which is usually ascended by visitors strong and active enough to undertake a rather fatiguing effort, is supposed to have been erected by Chufu, or Cheops, the first ruler of the fourth dynasty. It is a four-sided structure, which covers a space nearly equal to Lincoln's Inn-fields, and was originally larger, having a base 764 ft. square; but the edges of the bottom layers of masonry have been destroyed. Its original height was probably 480 ft., exceeding that of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome; the present height is 450 ft. It was built in steps, of which 203 are remaining, which vary in height from about 2 ft. to 4 ft. 10 in., constructed of blocks of stone 9 ft. long and 6 ft. 6 in. broad; the whole was cased with fine smooth masonry of white stone, presenting a fair and beautiful surface. The bulk of this pyramid is calculated to measure three millions and a quarter cubic yards, weighing seven million tons, of stone mostly brought down the Nile several hundred miles. In its interior, accessible by a very small doorway on the north side, and by passages to the centre, are several chambers, not of extraordinary size, at different levels, the sepulchres of the King and Queen, with a few subordinate apartments.

The second Pyramid, belonging to Chafra, the third ruler of the same dynasty, is now 447 ft. high, and each side of its quadrangular base is about 690 ft. long, but may have been 707 ft. in its perfect state. The other large Pyramid is that of Mencheres, the successor to Chafra, and is little more than half the size of that already described; but is distinguished as "the Red Pyramid," having been cased with fine red granite, of which some portion yet remains. The six minor Pyramids at Ghizeh are under 100 ft. in height; there is a general resemblance of external and internal structure.

An event of some interest to the European residents in Egypt, the visit of the Crown Prince of Italy, son of King Umberto and grandson of Victor Emmanuel, took place three weeks ago, when his Royal Highness went to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids. Our Illustrations of the scenes there at his visit, in which he was accompanied by Egyptian and European officials of rank, are from photographs by Mr. G. Schoefft, the Court photographer at Cairo.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, gave an interesting lecture on "What I Saw in Burmah," illustrated with lantern slides from his own sketches, yesterday evening, at the Skating Rink Hall, Blackheath, to the gratification of a large audience.

Our Portrait of the late Duke of Leinster is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin; that of the Mayor of Birkenhead, from one by G. C. Lange, of Darmstadt; and that of the Town Clerk, by Messrs. Robinson and Thompson, of Birkenhead.

Mr. E. H. Lushington, treasurer of Guy's Hospital, writes, inclosing a letter he has received from Mr. J. S. Morgan, offering £10,000 towards the fund being raised for that institution, provided the required £100,000 be raised on or before May 1 next. Mr. Lushington adds that the president and governors of the hospital "earnestly hope that this princely offer will meet the response it deserves, and that this hospital will be once more restored to its former sphere of usefulness."

The Papal group added to Madame Tussaud and Sons' Exhibition is at once striking and dramatic. Containing as it does portrait models of Pope Leo XIII., Cardinals Newman and Manning, Monsignor Kopp; St. Francis, with monks, misericordia, and peasants, it forms, with the rich robes of the Prelates and the brilliant uniforms of a body of the Noble Guard, a picture excellent in colour and artistic effect. This group is placed in a chamber at the east end of the great gallery, fashioned to represent a corridor in the palace of the Vatican.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts were resumed last week, when the second half of the twenty performances of the series was begun. The programme comprised Dr. Mackenzie's cantata "The Story of Sayid," and Mr. C. V. Stanford's setting of Tennyson's poem "The Revenge—a Ballad of the Fleet," each conducted by its composer. Both works, it will be remembered, were composed for and produced at the Leeds Festival, last October, and have been since repeated in London. As they were spoken of on those occasions, slight mention will suffice. The principal solo singers in Dr. Mackenzie's work were, on Saturday, Mr. B. M'Guckin and Mr. W. Mills—as at Leeds—and Miss A. Marriott, who gave their music with excellent effect; the choral portions of each work having been well rendered by the choir of the Novello Oratorio Concerts.

Haydn's "Creation" was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society last week, at the sixth concert of the series. The grace and charm of the music still survive the modern changes of taste, and will continue to be admired as long as freshness of melody and constructive art are appreciated. The performance now referred to, conducted by Mr. Barnby, was of high general efficiency, the choruses having been finely rendered, and the solo music effectively sung by Miss Robertson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills. Among the specialties of the evening were the soprano air, "With verdure clad"; the tenor air, "In native worth"; and the bass solo, "Rolling in foaming billows"; and the grand choral movement, "The heavens are telling."

The eleventh of the series of London Symphony Concerts, conducted by Mr. Henschel, took place at St. James's Hall last week, when the programme was of varied interest, although devoid of novelty. Mr. C. V. Stanford's impressive overture to his opera "The Canterbury Pilgrims," Brahms's first symphony, and Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were the orchestral pieces. Besides these, Max Bruch's first violin concerto was skilfully played by Miss Nettie Carpenter; and Beethoven's vocal trio "Tremati, empi, tremate," was well rendered by Mrs. Henschel, Mr. H. Piercy, and Mr. E. Hubbard. The twelfth concert was given on Tuesday evening, when the programme was rendered commemorative of Wagner (who died Feb. 13, 1883) by a selection from his works. The prelude to "Tristan und Isolde," and the finale to that opera (arranged for orchestra); "Träume" ("Dreams") and the "Huldigungs Marsch" were the instrumental pieces by Wagner; the vocal music from the same source having been Pogner's address from "Die Meistersinger," and Wotan's "Farewell to Brunhilde" and "Fire-charm" from "Die Walküre." These were finely declaimed by Mr. Santley. The orchestral piece entitled "Träume" was given for the first time in public according to the manuscript score. It is a short study for "Tristan und Isolde," some features of which are foreshadowed in some calm melodious strains. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony completed the concert. The thirteenth performance of the series takes place next Thursday evening, when Dr. Joachim will appear.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave the first of a new series of four vocal recitals at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when their performances, singly and in association, gave effect to a varied selection, which included Mr. Henschel's pleasing duet, "Oh! that we two were maying." The second recital was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening.

The Royal College of Music gave a students' orchestral concert on Thursday week in the West Theatre of the Royal Albert Hall. The performances of the pupils, vocal and instrumental, were generally reflective of successful tuition. Especially promising was the violin playing of Mr. Inwards in Max Bruch's first concerto.

A concert, consisting chiefly of Scottish music, was given at the Albert Palace last Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, whose excellent choir contributed to a programme that was interesting, though devoid of novelty. This (Saturday) evening, the "Messiah" is to be performed with the co-operation of Mr. Carter's choir.

At the Popular Concert of last Monday evening, Hummel's septet in D minor was repeated; with Mr. Max Pauer as pianist, in association with MM. Svendsen, Horton, Mann, Hollander, Piatti, and Bottesini, at the respective wind and stringed instruments. Miss C. Elliot was the vocalist of the evening. On the previous Saturday afternoon the solo pianist was Herr Schönberger; the vocalist, Miss L. Lehmann; Herr Heermann having been the leading violinist on both occasions.

Herr Schönberger (whose pianoforte performances have lately attracted so much attention here) gave a recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when his programme comprised pieces in the classical and brilliant styles.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concert this week, at St. James's Hall, was of a national character, the programme having comprised pieces of various styles and periods.

Miss Eugénie Sturmfels, an accomplished pianist, announced an evening concert at Prince's Hall on Wednesday, the programme comprising her own performances and those of other estimable artists.

Mr. Walter Bache's seventeenth annual recital of pianoforte music will take place at St. James's Hall next Monday afternoon, when his programme will include pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and Mendelssohn.

The Sacred Harmonic Society has announced a performance of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" for next Friday evening.

BURNING OF A CHURCH AT CORK.

The Church of St. Luke, in the city of Cork, built in 1872, at a cost of £12,000, on the site of an old church formerly belonging to the parish of St. Anne, Shandon, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday week. The fire began in the room of the Infant School, under the church: it broke out at six in the morning. The Fire Brigade, assisted by the police and the soldiers, under Captain Braithwaite and other officers, exerted themselves in vain to check the progress of the fire; but it spread to the church, and the roof soon fell in, leaving the stone transept arches standing, while the pillars, of Irish marble, crumbled away. The church contained a fine organ; a costly reading-desk, presented by Mrs. Chambers; the handsome pulpit, the gift of the late Alderman Harley; a rich brass balustrade and marble panels, the gift of Mr. T. Babington; lectern and communion rails, given by the late Mrs. Deaves; the chancel windows given by the late Mr. William Goulding; a large rose window in the eastern transept, the gift of Alderman Gibbings, three windows presented by the late Mr. R. C. Sikes, and three given by Mrs. Chambers, Mr. Hawkesworth, and Mr. Cade; a splendid memorial window erected to the memory of the late Mrs. Boyd, and a window over the eastern aisle, placed there by General Sir Richard Kelly, to the memory of his daughter, Mrs. Harvey. The Archdeacon of Cork, the Rev. Mervyn Archdall, is Rector of St. Luke's parish, which has a Protestant population of three thousand souls.

The Speaker gave his usual full-dress Parliamentary dinner to members of the Government on Wednesday, and he will give a dinner to members of the Opposition on March 2. The Speaker will hold his full-dress levées on March 9 and 16.

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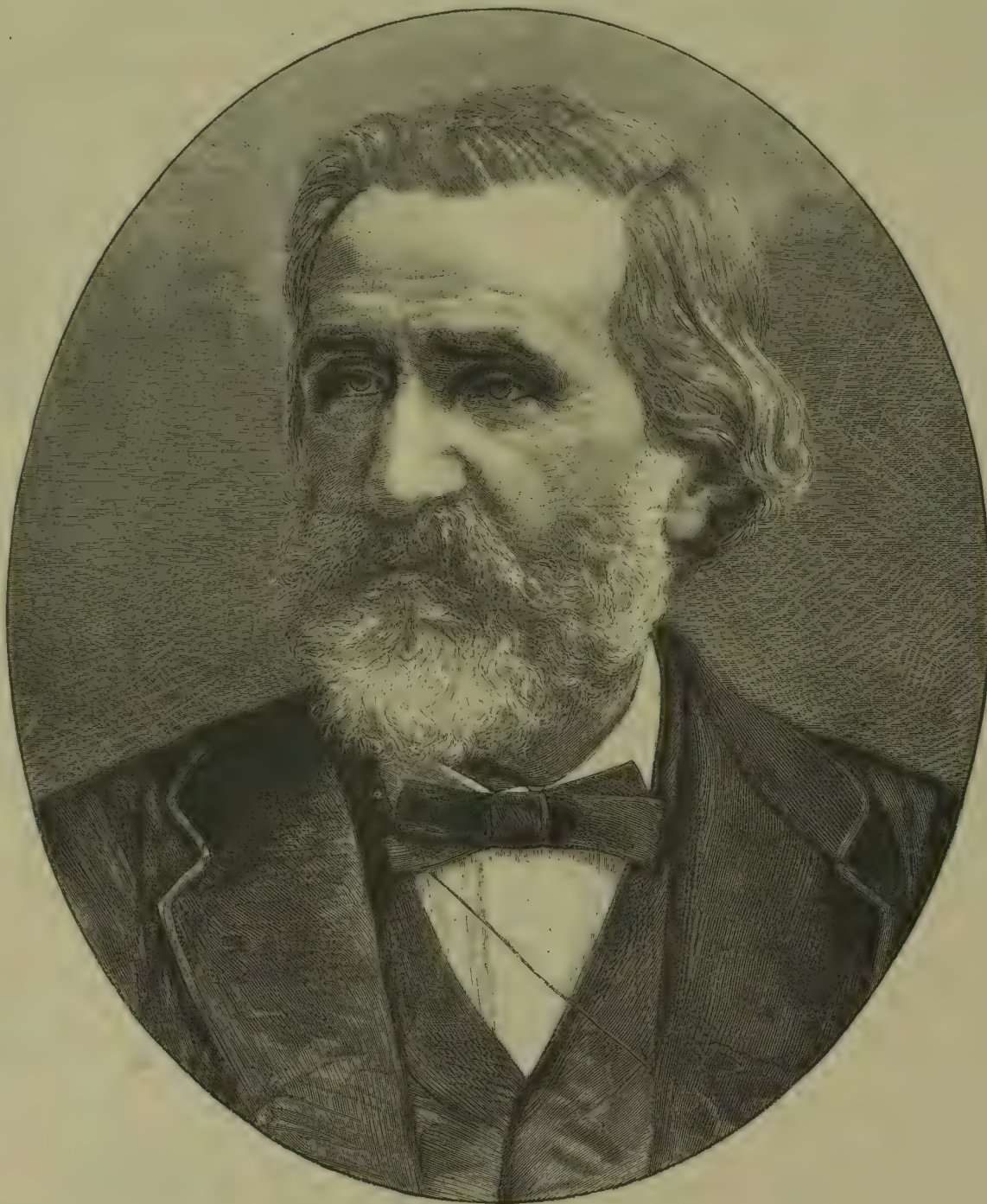
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GIUSEPPE VERDI.

The most eminent living Italian musical composer, whose new opera, founded on Shakspeare's "Othello," has been performed at Milan with success in the manner described by one of our contributors, was born at Roncole, in Parma, Oct. 9, 1814, the son of an inn-keeper; was instructed by an organist at Milan, from 1833 to 1836, studied under Lavenga, and in 1839 published a musical drama called "Uberto di San Bonifazio," his earliest operatic work. The list of his serious operas, which have frequently delighted audiences in nearly every city of Europe and America possessing a theatre suitable for such performances, and which have won him a world-wide renown during the past forty years, includes "Ernani" and "Rigoletto," with subjects taken from Victor Hugo; "I Lombardi," "I Masnadieri," "Luisa Miller," and "Don Carlos," subjects from Schiller; "I Due Foscari," from Byron; "Macbeth," from Shakspeare; "Nabuchodonosor"; "Il Trovatore," perhaps the most popular of all; "Un Ballo in Maschera"; "La Traviata," from a too well-known novel by Alexandre Dumas the younger; "Giovanna d'Arco," from Schiller; "La Forza del Destino"; "Aida," and "Montezuma," produced at the La Scala Theatre, Milan; from which it appears that he has chiefly sought inspiration in modern dramatic poetry of the romantic school, to which the lyric art of the stage is naturally allied. He composed, in 1874, a requiem mass which was performed in a church at Milan, in memory of the Italian poet and romance-writer Manzoni. We refer to the article following this for some further notice of Verdi's merits as a composer of music.

Signor Verdi has all his life been an ardent Italian patriot and earnest Liberal politician. His name, curiously enough, in the years preceding 1859, when the hopes of the whole nation, in Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, in the Romagna, and in the Two Sicilies, were turned towards the Piedmontese or Sardinian Monarchy as the destined agent of their liberation, was converted into a sort of watchword of the popular cause. In many cities, where the exhibition of a red-white-and-green tricolour garland would be punished with imprisonment (though an ingenious dealer in fruit, or radishes and leeks, could sometimes contrive to combine those political colour-symbols in decking out his shop), it was forbidden publicly to utter the name of



GIUSEPPE VERDI, THE ITALIAN MUSICAL COMPOSER.

the Re Galantuomo, who reigned at Turin with his great Minister, Count Cavour. In those days, as many can remember, the Italian youth would assemble at the opening doors of the theatres, with a great pretence of enthusiasm for musical art, and would raise a shout of "Viva Verdi!" which was echoed with gleeful audacity by crowds of the people. The significance of this practice lay in a well-understood mystic anagram of the name "Verdi," the letters of which were recognised as the initials of the following words,

crowded the theatre of La Scala, on Saturday, the 5th inst., for the first performance of "Otello." No such scene was ever before witnessed, even at an Italian theatre, as the display of enthusiasm with which "Il Maestro" was received, when, at the end of the opera (after being called forward again and again at the conclusion of each act), the hero of the evening appeared on the stage, accompanied by Boito, the writer of the libretto, who is already known throughout Europe as author and composer of "Mefistofele," and by Faccio, the

"Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia!" and several of the petty despotic Princes deemed it expedient to prohibit Verdi's operas, because they dreaded the effect of his name. Well, in 1861, when Cavour and Garibaldi, under the Loyal King, had achieved in great part the emancipation of Italy, the first Italian Parliament was opened at Turin, and Verdi was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, being also nominated a Cavaliere of San Maurizio and San Lazzaro. He was never an active politician; but all his countrymen were proud of his fame as a great artist, and his melodies were fondly hummed in the precincts of the Royal Palace. In 1871, when the Italian Government removed to Florence, the Ministry of Public Instruction placed Verdi at the head of the national Institute of Music there; he was next year raised to the rank of a Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and in 1874, by a Royal decree, became one of the Italian Senate. Foreign Courts have also bestowed their honours upon him; he is a Commander of the French Legion of Honour, Grand Cross of the Russian Order of St. Stanislaus, a Commander of the Austrian Order of Francis Joseph, and of the Turkish Order of Osmanli; while many of the Universities and Academies of Art have elected him an honorary member. In short, Verdi's genius and Verdi's character are highly appreciated all over the world, but in his own country are cherished with peculiar affection by all classes of the people, to whom he is eminently "simpatico," an artist with a heart unspoilt by the favour of fashion.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA.

Wagner being dead, and Gounod having ceased to write for the stage, Verdi is now beyond all comparison the greatest operatic composer of the day; and that this is the general opinion of Europe was sufficiently shown by the number of foreign composers, musicians, and critics, who, in addition to lovers of music from all parts of Italy,



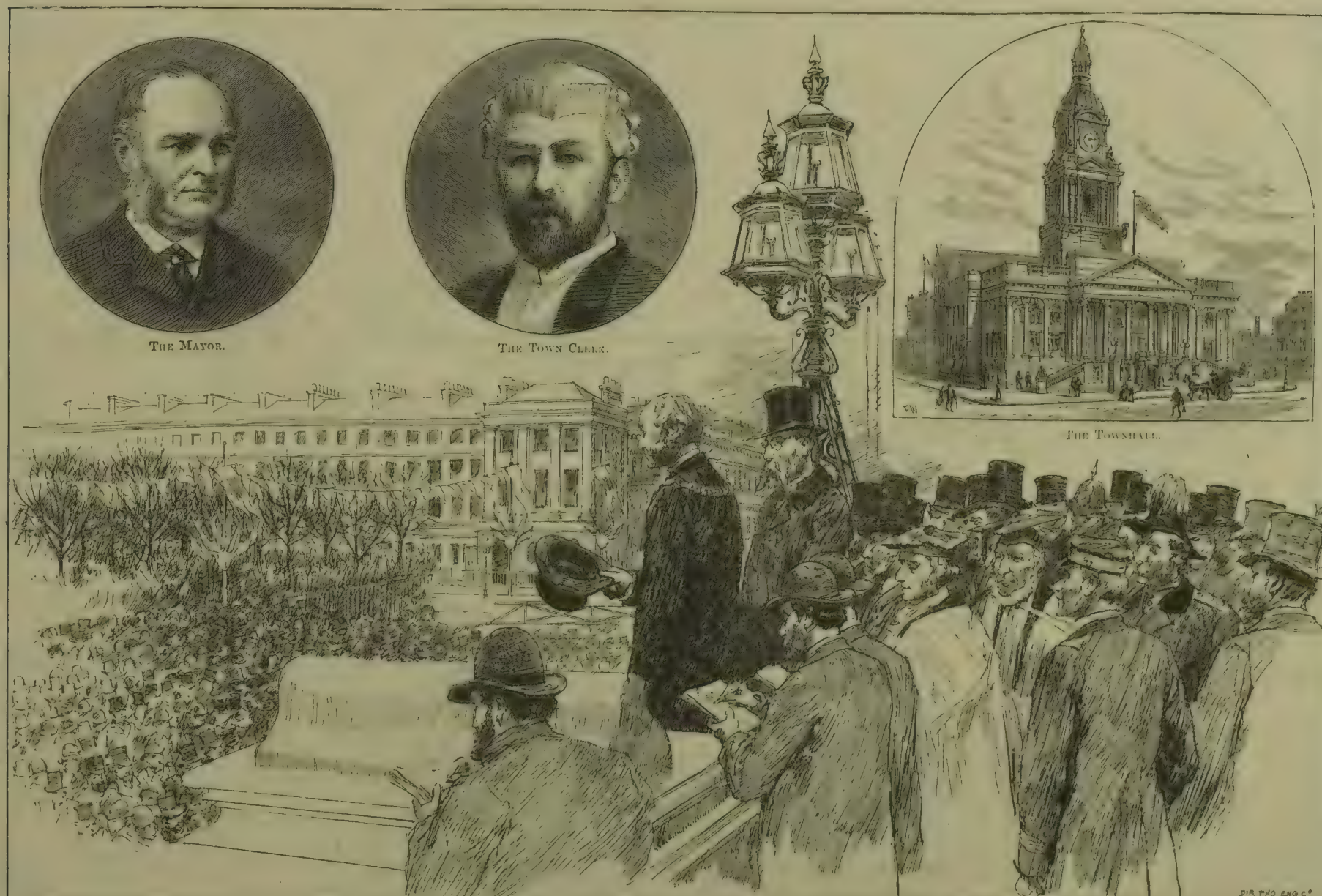
BURNING OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, CORK.



CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY TO THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



OPENING OF THE NEW TOWNHALL AT BIRKENHEAD: THE MAYOR SPEAKING FROM THE BALCONY OUTSIDE.

conductor of the orchestra, and the principal singers; that is to say—to cite their names by order of merit—Maurel, the representative of Iago; Tamagno, the Otello of the play, and Madame Pantaleoni, the Desdemona.

In an Italian audience, especially such an audience as Verdi appealed to on the evening which witnessed the production of "Otello," there is a sentiment of art, a sympathy for music, such as is scarcely to be met with in more prosaic countries. Every point in the musical performance is taken; sometimes, indeed, too readily, and with too much emphasis for the calm enjoyment of visitors from the north, who like not only to feel but also to reflect. No one, however, could be so cold-blooded as not to be moved by the murmurs, whispers, and at last cries of delight with which a fine piece of musical composition, or some splendid outburst of passion on the part of a great singer, is welcomed by these impressionable and appreciative children of song. At the beginning of each piece a wave of "Hush!" passes through the house; though certainly no one has the least intention of interrupting the performance, or of attending to anything else while it is going on. Then, at the end of the song, or at the termination of some great dramatic situation, the applause is begun anew; and with these alternations of self-imposed silence and unrestrained expressions of joy the representation goes on until at last the curtain falls. On the fall of the curtain after the final scene in "Otello," there was a moment's pause. Then every lady in the boxes, every gentleman in the stalls, rose; and there was such a waving of handkerchiefs, such a

clapping of hands, accompanied by such shouts of "Verdi! Verdi!" from all parts of the house, that even the most stolid among the audience—if any stolid ones were there—must have felt moved to the soul.

The musical history of Verdi is tolerably well known; and it is needless to say that since the death of Donizetti, some forty years ago, he has been the one great representative of Italian operatic music. Born in 1814, he made his first success at La Scala, in 1842, with "Nabucco," an opera of which, strangely enough, Nebuchadnezzar is the hero—for which reason it was thought necessary to change both the subject and the title for England, where it was played under the name of "Nino." "Nabucco" was followed by "Ernani." It is on neither of these operas, however, that the reputation of Verdi chiefly rests. His fame is based rather on "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Aida."

The Austrian censors showed great severity in dealing with the libretti of Verdi's earlier operas. But though they cut out a good deal, they could scarcely avoid leaving in, from time to time, such lines as "One corner of the earth will still be dear to me," in "The Lombards at the First Crusade"; or "Take the whole world, but leave me Italy," in "Attila"; and all such passages were made pretexts for the wildest patriotic demonstrations.

Of late years, Verdi has composed but little: his only operatic works from the production of "Un Ballo in Maschera," in 1859, until "Otello," having been "La Forza del Destino," composed (1862), for St. Petersburg; "Don Carlos"

(1867), for Paris; and "Aida" (1871), for Cairo. When, therefore, it became known that in 1887 a new opera by Verdi, on the subject of "Otello," would be produced at the Scala of Milan, the scene of his earliest successes, the news rejoiced all Italy; and the interest felt in the promised work soon spread from Italy to every part of Europe. The new "Otello" differs in many ways from Verdi's previous operas, and principally in this respect—that the composer follows closely, and without repetitions, the admirable libretto on which it is based. Verdi had wished, for once, to write in music what the French call "un drame intime"; but in doing this he has no more followed the system of Wagner than (supposing Verdi to have a system) he has pursued his own. He has composed what seemed to him appropriate dramatic music to all the great situations of Shakespeare's play; and, though it is probably not destined to enjoy the popularity of "Il Trovatore" or of "La Traviata," "Otello" will certainly, during the next few years, be heard and applauded at every opera-house in Europe.

H. S. E.

The annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping was held yesterday week at the Cannon-street Hotel, when the report was adopted, and Mr. E. Watts, Newcastle, was elected president for the current year. On taking the chair he spoke in favour of a State guarantee for war risks. He thought if the Government would agree to indemnify shipowners in case of capture during war it would add great strength to the Nation, and the shipowners would be glad to pay a moderate war premium.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., at 133, Inverness-terrace, London, after a brief illness, Robert Ward Jackson, eighth son of the late William Ward Jackson, Esq., of Normanby Hall, North Riding of Yorkshire. Aged 63.

On the 9th inst., at 76, Lexham-gardens, Kensington, James Halls Knappe, eldest son of Walter Robert Knappe, civil engineer, of Westminster and Greenwich. Aged 27.

On the 10th inst., at Regency-square, Brighton, Sarah Julia, the beloved wife of William Horsley, solicitor, London.

On the 12th inst., at his residence, The Cliffe, Lewes, Mr. B. Thorpe, in his 81th year.

••• The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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HAMLET.—Mr. HENRY IRVING will, for the benefit of the Birkbeck Building Fund, READ "Hamlet" at the BIRKBECK INSTITUTE on "ASTI WEDNESDAY EVENING" next, FEB. 23, at Eight o'clock. The Reading will occupy two hours, and during the evening there will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Meredith Ball, a selection from Hamilton Clarke's "Hamlet" music. Tickets, 10s. 6d. to 2s., can be had from the Secretary of the Institute, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, or the Box-office, Lyceum.

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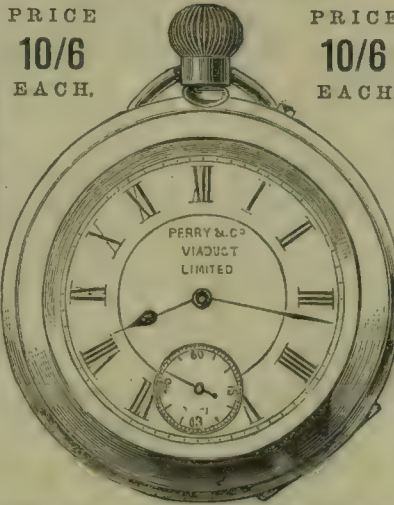
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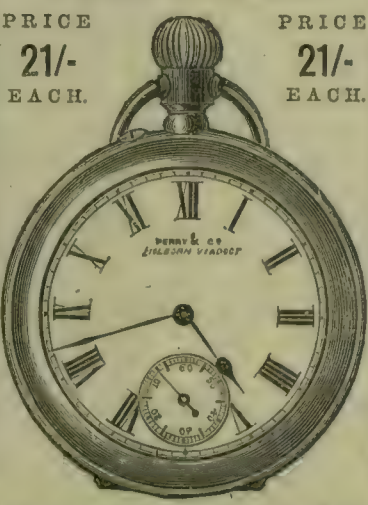
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Padre Esteban laid his large brown hand on the young man's shoulder.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

When James Hurlstone reached the shelter of the shrubbery he leaned exhaustedly against the adobe wall, and looked back upon the garden he had just traversed. At its lower extremity a tall hedge of cacti reinforced the crumbling wall with a *cheval de frise* of bristling thorns; it was through a gap in this green barrier that he had found his way a few hours before, as his torn clothes still testified. At one side ran the low wall of the Alcalde's *casa*, a mere line of dark shadow in that strange diaphanous mist that seemed to suffuse all objects. The gnarled and twisted branches of pear-trees, gouty with old age, bent so low as to impede any progress under their formal avenues; out of a tangled labyrinth of fig-trees, here and there a single plume of feathery palm swam in the drowsy upper radiance. The shrubbery around him, of some unknown variety, exhaled a faint perfume; he put out his hand to grasp what appeared to be a young catalpa, and found it the trunk of an enormous passion vine, that, creeping softly upward, had at last invaded the very belfry of the dim tower above him; and touching it, his soul seemed to be lifted with it out of the shadow.

The great hush and quiet that had fallen like a benediction on every sleeping thing around him; the deep and passionless repose that seemed to drop from the bending boughs of the venerable trees; the cool, restful, earthy breath of the shadowed mould beneath him, touched only by a faint jessamine-like perfume as of a dead passion, lulled the hurried beatings of his heart and calmed the feverish tremor of his limbs. He allowed himself to sink back against the wall, his hands tightly clasped before him. Gradually, the set, abstracted look of his eyes faded and became suffused, as if moistened by that

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celestial mist. Then he rose quickly, drew his sleeve hurriedly across his lashes, and began slowly to creep along the wall again.

Either the obscurity of the shrubbery became greater or he was growing preoccupied; but in steadying himself by the wall, he had, without perceiving it, put his hand upon a rude door that, yielding to his pressure, opened noiselessly into a dark passage. Without apparent reflection he entered, followed the passage a few steps until it turned abruptly; turning with it, he found himself in the body of the Mission Church of Todos Santos. A swinging-lamp, that burnt perpetually before an effigy of the Virgin Mother, threw a faint light on the single rose-window behind the high altar; another, suspended in a low archway, apparently lit the open door of the passage towards the refectory. By the stronger light of the latter, Hurlstone could see the barbaric red and tarnished gold of the rafters that formed the straight roof. The walls were striped with equally bizarre colouring, half Moorish and half Indian. A few hangings of dyed and painted cloths, with heavy fringes, were disposed on either side of the chancel, like the flaps of a wigwam; and the aboriginal suggestion was further repeated in a quantity of coloured beads and sea-shells that decked the communion-rails. The Stations of the Cross, along the walls, were commemorated by paintings, evidently by a native artist—to suit the same barbaric taste; while a larger picture of San Francisco d'Assisi, under the choir, seemed to belong to an older and more artistic civilisation. But the sombre half-light of the two lamps mellowed and softened the harsh contrast of these details, until the whole body of the church appeared filled with a vague harmonious shadow. The air, heavy with the odours of past incense, seemed to be a part of that expression, and to make the quiet and harmonious shadow palpable to the senses.

Again overcome by the feeling of repose and peacefulness, Hurlstone sank upon a rude settle, and bent his head and folded arms over a low railing before him. How long he sat there, allowing the subtle influence to transmute and possess

his entire being, he did not know. The faint twitter of birds suddenly awoke him. Looking up, he perceived that it came from the vacant square of the tower above him, open to the night and suffused with its mysterious radiance. In another moment the roof of the church was swiftly crossed and recrossed with tiny and adventurous wings. The mysterious light had taken an opaline colour. Morning was breaking.

The slow rustling of a garment, accompanied by a soft but heavy tread, sounded from the passage. He started to his feet as the priest, whom he had seen on the deck of the *Excelsior*, entered the church from the refectory. The Padre was alone. At the apparition of a stranger, torn and dishevelled, he stopped involuntarily, and cast a hasty look towards the heavy silver ornaments on the altar. Hurlstone noticed it, and smiled bitterly.

"Don't alarm yourself. I only sought this place for shelter."

He spoke in French—the language he had heard Padre Esteban address to Mrs. Brimmer. The priest's quick eye detected his own mistake. He lifted his hand with a sublime gesture towards the altar, and said:

"You are right! Where should you seek it but here?"

The reply was so unexpected that Hurlstone was silent. His lips quivered slightly.

"And if it were sanctuary I was seeking?" he said.

"You would first tell me why you sought it," said Don Esteban, gently.

Hurlstone looked at him irresolutely for a moment, and then said, with the hopeless desperation of a man anxious to anticipate his fate. "I am a passenger on the ship you boarded yesterday. I came ashore with the intention of concealing myself somewhere here until she had sailed. When I tell you that I am not a fugitive from justice, that I have committed no offence against the ship or her passengers, nor have I any intention of doing so; but that I only wish concealment from their knowledge for twenty-four hours, you will know

enough to understand that you run no risk in giving me assistance. I can tell you no more."

"I did not see you with the other passengers, either on the ship or ashore," said the priest. "How did you come here?"

"I swam ashore before they left. I did not know they had any idea of landing here; I expected to be the only one, and there would have been no need for concealment then. But I am not lucky," he added, with a bitter laugh.

The priest glanced at his garments, which bore the traces of the sea, but remained silent.

"Do you think I am lying?"

The old priest lifted his head with a gesture. "Not to me—but to God!"

The young man followed the gesture, and glanced around the barbaric church with a slight look of scorn. But the profound isolation, the mystic seclusion, and, above all, the complete obliteration of that world and civilisation he shrank from and despised, again subdued and overcame his rebellious spirit. He lifted his eyes to the priest.

"Nor to God," he said, gravely.

"Then why withhold anything from Him here?" said the priest, gently.

"I am not a Catholic—I do not believe in confession," said Hurlstone, doggedly, turning aside. But Padre Esteban laid his large brown hand on the young man's shoulder. Weighed down by some occult suggestion in its soft, heavy touch, he sank again into his seat.

"Yet you ask for the sanctuary of His house—a sanctuary bought by that contrition whose first expression is the bared and opened soul! To the first worldly shelter you sought—the peon's hut or the Alcalde's *casa*—you would have thought it necessary to bring a story. You would not conceal from the physician whom you asked for balsam either the wound, the symptoms, or the cause? Enough," he said kindly, as Hurlstone was about to reply. "You shall have your request. You shall stay here. I will be your physician, and will save your wounds; if any poison I know not of rankle there, you will not blame me, son, but perhaps you will assist me to find it. I will give you a secluded cell in the dormitory until the ship has sailed. And then"—He dropped quietly on the settle, took the young man's hand paternally in his own, and gazed into his eyes as if he read his soul.

And then. . . Ah, yes. . . What then? Hurlstone glanced once more around him. He thought of the quiet night; of the great peace that had fallen upon him since he had entered the garden, and the promise of a greater peace that seemed to breathe with the incense from those venerable walls. He thought of that crumbling barrier, that even in its ruin seemed to shut out, more completely than anything he had conceived, his bitter past, and the bitter world that recalled it. He thought of the long days to come, when, forgetting and forgotten, he might find a new life among these simple aliens, themselves forgotten by the world. He had thought of this once before in the garden; it occurred to him again in this Lethe-like oblivion of the little church, in the kindly pressure of the priest's hand. The ornaments no longer looked uncouth and barbaric—rather they seemed full of some new spiritual significance. He suddenly lifted his eyes to Padre Esteban, and, half rising to his feet, said:

"Are we alone?"

"We are; it is a half-hour yet before mass," said the priest.

"My story will not last so long," said the young man hurriedly, as if fearing to change his mind. "Hear me, then—it is no crime nor offence to anyone; more than that, it concerns no one but myself—it is of"—

"A woman," said the priest, softly. "So! we will sit down, my son."

He lifted his hand with a soothing gesture—the movement of a physician who has just arrived at an easy diagnosis of certain uneasy symptoms. There was also a slight suggestion of an habitual toleration, as if even the seclusion of *Todos Santos* had not been entirely free from the invasion of the primal passion.

Hurlstone waited for an instant, but then went on rapidly. "It is of a woman—who has cursed my life, blasted my prospects, and ruined my youth; a woman who gained my early affection only to blight and wither it; a woman who should be nearer to me and dearer than all else, and yet who is further than the uttermost depths of hell from me in sympathy or feeling; a woman that I should cleave to, but from whom I have been flying, ready to face shame, disgrace, oblivion, even that death which alone can part us: for that woman is—my wife."

He stopped, out of breath, with fixed eyes and a rigid mouth. Father Esteban drew a snuff-box from his pocket and a large handkerchief. After blowing his nose violently, he took a pinch of snuff, wiped his lip and replaced the box. "A bad habit, my son," he said, apologetically, "but an old man's weakness. Go on."

"I met her first five years ago; the wife of another man. Don't misjudge me, it was no lawless passion; it was a friendship, I believed, due to her intellectual qualities as much as to her womanly fascinations; for I was a young student, lodging in the same house with her, in an academic town. Before I ever spoke to her of love, she had confided to me her own unhappiness—the uncongeniality of her married life, the harshness, and even brutality, of her husband. Even a man less in love than I was could have seen the truth of this—the contrast of the coarse, sensual, and vulgar man with an apparently refined and intelligent woman; but anyone else but myself would have suspected that such a union was not merely a sacrifice of the woman. I believed her. It was not until long afterwards that I learned that her marriage had been a condonation of her youthful errors by a complaisant bridegroom; that her character had been saved by a union that was a mutual concession. But I loved her madly; and when she finally got a divorce from her uncongenial husband, I believed it less an expression of her love for me than an act of justice. I did not know at the time that they had arranged the divorce together, as they had arranged their marriage, by equal concessions.

"I was the only son of a widowed mother, whose instincts were, from the first, opposed to my friendship with this woman, and what she prophetically felt would be its result. Unfortunately, both she and my friends were foolish enough to avow their belief that the divorce was obtained solely with a view of securing me as a successor; and it was this argument more than any other that convinced me of my duty to protect her. Enough, I married, not only in spite of all opposition—but because of it.

"My mother would have reconciled herself to the marriage, but my wife never forgave the opposition, and, by some hellish instinct, divining that her power over me might be weakened by maternal influence, precipitated a quarrel which for ever separated us. With the little capital left by my father, divided between my mother and myself, I took my wife to a western city. Our small income speedily dwindled under the debts of her former husband, which she had assumed to purchase her freedom. I endeavoured to utilise a good education and some accomplishments in music and the languages by giving lessons and by contributing to the press. In this

my wife first made a show of assisting me, but I was not long in discovering that her intelligence was superficial and shallow, and that the audacity of expression, which I had believed to be originality of conviction, was simply shamelessness and a desire for notoriety. A certain facility in writing sentimental poetry which had been efficacious in her matrimonial speculations, tried by the test of publication in magazines and newspapers was found tawdry and insincere. To my astonishment, she remained unaffected by this, as she was equally impervious to the slights and sneers that continually met us in society. At last the inability to pay one of her former husband's claims brought to me a threat and an anonymous letter. I laid them before her, when a scene ensued which revealed the blindness of my folly in all its hideous hopelessness: she accused me of complicity in her divorce, and deception in regard to my own fortune. In a speech whose language was a horrible revelation of her early habits, she offered to arrange a divorce from me as she had from her former husband. She gave as a reason her preference for another, and her belief that the scandal of a suit would lend her a certain advertisement and prestige. It was a combination of *Messalina* and *Mrs. Jarly*."

"Pardon! I remember not a *Madame Jarly*," said the priest.

"Of viciousness and commercial calculation," continued Hurlstone, hurriedly. "I don't remember what happened; she swore that I struck her! Perhaps—God knows! But she failed, even before a western jury, to convict me of cruelty. The Judge that thought me half insane would not believe me brutal, and her application for divorce was lost.

"I need not tell you that the same friends who had opposed my marriage now came forward to implore me to allow her to break our chains. I refused. I swear to you it was from no lingering love for her, for her presence drove me mad; it was from no instinct of revenge or jealousy, for I should have welcomed the man who would have taken her out of my life and memory. But I could not bear the idea of taking her first husband's place in her hideous comedy; I could not purchase my freedom at that price—at any price. I was told that I could get a divorce against her, and stand forth before the world untrammelled and unstained. But I could not stand before myself in such an attitude. I knew that the shackles I had deliberately forged could not be loosened except by death; I knew that the stains of her would cling to me and become a part of my own sin, even as the sea I plunged into yesterday to escape her, though it has dried upon me, has left its bitter salt behind.

"When she knew my resolve, she took her revenge by dragging my name through the successive levels to which she descended. Under the plea that the hardly earned sum I gave to her maintenance apart from me was not sufficient, she utilised her undoubted beauty and more doubtful talent in amateur entertainments—and, finally, on the stage. She was openly accompanied by her lover, who acted as her agent, in the hope of goading me to a divorce. Suddenly, she disappeared. I thought she had forgotten me. I obtained an honourable position in New York. One night I entered a theatre devoted to burlesque opera, and the exhibition of a popular actress, known as the Western *Thalia*, whose beautiful and audaciously draped figure was the talk of the town. I recognised my wife in this star of nudity; more than that, she recognised me. The next day, in addition to the usual notice, the real name of the actress was given in the morning papers, with a sympathising account of her romantic and unfortunate marriage. I renounced my position and, taking advantage of an offer from an old friend in California, resolved to join him secretly there. My mother had died broken-hearted; I was alone in the world. But my wife discovered my intention; and when I reached Callao, I heard that she had followed me, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and that probably she would anticipate me in Mazatlan, where we were to stop. The thought of suicide haunted me during the rest of that horrible voyage: only my belief that she would make it appear as a tacit confession of my guilt saved me from that last act of weakness."

He stopped and shuddered. Padre Esteban again laid his hand softly upon him. "It was God who spared you that sacrifice of soul and body," he said, gently.

"I thought it was God that suggested to me to make the simulation of that act the means of separating myself from her for ever. When we neared Mazatlan, I conceived the idea of hiding myself in the hold of the *Excelsior* until she had left that port, in the hope that it would be believed that I had fallen overboard. I succeeded in secreting myself, but was discovered at the same time that the unexpected change in the ship's destination rendered concealment unnecessary. As we did not put in at Mazatlan, nobody suspected my discovery in the hold to be anything but the accident that I gave it out to be. I felt myself saved the confrontation of the woman at Mazatlan; but I knew she would pursue me to San Francisco. The strange dispensation of Providence that brought us into this unknown port gave me another hope of escape and oblivion. While you and the Commander were boarding the *Excelsior*, I slipped from the cabin window into the water; I was a good swimmer, and reached the shore in safety. I concealed myself in the ditch of the Presidio until I saw the passengers' boats returning with them, when I sought the safer shelter of this mission. I made my way through a gap in the hedge and lay under your olive-trees, hearing the voices of my companions, beyond the walls, till past midnight. I then groped my way along the avenue of pear-trees till I came to another wall, and a door that opened to my accidental touch. I entered, and found myself here. You know the rest."

He had spoken with the rapid and unpent fluency of a man who cared more to relieve himself of an oppressive burden than to impress his auditor; yet the restriction of a foreign tongue had checked repetition or verbosity. Without imagination he had been eloquent; without hopefulness he had been convincing. Father Esteban rose, holding both his hands.

"My son, in the sanctuary which you have claimed there is no divorce. The woman who has ruined your life could not be your wife. As long as her first husband lives, she is for ever his wife, bound by a tie which no human law can sever!"

(To be continued.)

The Lord Chancellor presided yesterday week at the Jubilee festival of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, when a representative company sat down. The subscriptions amounted to nearly £1200.

Lord Brabazon presided yesterday week over a conference of members of both Houses of Parliament, held at the Westminster Palace hotel, on the subject of State-directed colonisation. Resolutions were adopted approving the formation of committees of members of Parliament to consider the best means of pressing forward the question.—The Home Secretary informed a deputation who desired that the Government should grant money for sending destitute children to the colonies that he would consider whether their views could be met in a Bill which he proposed to introduce on the subject of reformatory and industrial schools.

FICKLE FEBRUARY.

February is the one month in the year that has very few friends. It is supposed to be inconstant, variable, fickle, and uncertain. The kindest of poets turn their backs on the poor month, and only by a stretch of courtesy compliment it as the distant harbinger of spring, sunshine, song-birds, and flowers. Innumerable are the enemies of luckless February. The unfortunate children born on the 29th in Leap Year only get an occasional birthday, and consequently lose their annual presents; those greedy of life and its pleasures regret that, Leap Year or no Leap Year, they have several days less enjoyment in this short and uncertain month. St. Blaise, that kind-hearted saint who was visited, when in his hermit's cell, by the beasts of the field, who were polite enough to lie down in peace if they found him praying, is chosen as the patron saint of February on account of his efficacy in curing sore throats; and it is not until Candlemas Day comes round, or, in other words, the Feast of the Purification, that any weather-wise person can safely say whether Winter has really departed, or will dance attendance on the merry birth of Spring. For what does the old dog-Latin distich say?—

*Si Sol splendet, Maria purificans,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.*

February has scarcely dawned before Candlemas appears; and then away, and quickly, with all signs of the Christmas past. Down comes the holly, with its shrivelled leaves and parched berries; down come the kissing boughs of mistletoe, with the secrets hidden under the Druidical leaves of sage-green. Take down Herrick from the book-shelves, and listen to the terrible things that will happen if church or altar, home or hall, contain a scrap of bay or rosemary after Candlemas has passed. And, with the faded greenery, the branches we cut so cheerily in the old woods at Christmas-time, the boughs of yew and laurel that made a love-bower in many a Christmas home, let us take down also from the mantelpiece, and put reverently away, the cards and pictures—the Old Year's last farewell, the New Year's first bright greetings—those sweet records of affection and sympathy that link heart to heart and open for us the casket of memory and recollection. What shall we do with these pictures, that adorn the fireside of our homes? They have come from all parts of the world. Here is one from a settler in Australia; another from a friend in the far west of America. What shall be their destiny? The children want them for their scrap-books; the hospitals may be glad enough of them, for decorative purposes. No; it may be selfish, but they are too precious. Bind them reverently up together, with the love enshrined in them, and place them away where they may be buried in peace with faded letters and withered roses. But February, let the pessimists say what they will, is not by any means such a sad month, after all. The days lengthen out with delightful regularity; we can sit writing at our desks without lighting lamp or candle until nearly six o'clock; down at the old farm the February sun plays glorious tricks in the twilight hour, intensifying the landscape with colour, giving to barns and homesteads a true background of gold and crimson, and shooting rays of red and orange through the stone-pines and firs that stand sentinels around the lonely manor. The birds come trooping back to the budding hedges, to sing and mate and nest, as far away from the cruel schoolboys as they conveniently can; the rosy robin, safe from his winter solitude, sings his morning song with full-throated ease; and the whole choir of wood-warblers greet the dawning of St. Valentine's Day. An old-fashioned festival, it is true; but one that the boys and girls will not willingly let die, as the post-office sorter and deliverer can very well testify. If you want to see how much concentrated love there is in London go on St. Valentine's Eve, as I did on a memorable occasion, and take your seat beside the President, in the largest sorting-room at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Was there ever such a power of discipline over an incongruous mass of odds and ends? Christmas cards are, as a rule, not outrageously irregular—they lend themselves to some sort of assortment into shapes and sizes; but on St. Valentine's Day order is defied, and for the moment chaos prevails. Presents, books, flowers, miniature parcels tumble over one another biggledly-piggledly, and numerous are the applications for admission to the post-office hospital, where limbs are bound up with red-tape, and wounds are healed with consoling sealing wax! The age in which we live has, in a great measure, substituted practicality for sentimentality. The modern valentine is less emblematic, but is, on the whole, more useful. The gentleman in the blue frock coat no longer escorts the blushing lady in the poke bonnet to Hymen's bower, where Cupid is cooking a heart on an altar pedestal. We have changed all that. Nowadays, we interchange Tennysons and Brownings. We procure our valentines more at the flower-shop than the stationer's. The vulgar valentines are less scurrilous; the lace-paper valentines are not so effusive, and we are gradually returning, with our handkerchief boxes and bows and ribbons, to those precise days when old Pepys never dreamed of allowing a Valentine's Day to pass without presenting Mrs. Pepys with some new hose and elaborate garters!

St. Valentine has scarcely faded out of our thoughts with the recollections of old times, when the postman's knock meant to our beating hearts assured comfort or absolute despair, when we are suddenly brought face to face with the ceremonies antecedent to the solemn season of Lent, with Shrove Tuesday pancakes and Ash Wednesday salt fish. Time was, and not so very long ago, when pancakes divided with the game of football the honours of the ceremonies appertaining to shriving time. Scarcely a county in England but had its ball game on Shrove Tuesday. The women joined with the men and boys in their struggle to obtain the ball when once launched into space. At Kingston-on-Thames the worthy Mayor was called on, within the memory of many a living man, to "kick off" from the market place; and to this very day the Westminster cook tosses a pancake over an old beam in the schoolroom, and woe be to him if he misses his shot, for the boys lose their holiday, and the lucky lad who catches the pancake necessarily forfeits the guinea that is waiting for him at the Deanery hard by. The modern Ash Wednesday has brought with it a justifiable liberality. Theatres under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain are no longer closed on the first day of Lent; but to this day it is considered correct to eat egg-sauce with salt fish on this fasting day. No pious abstainer would do any such thing; for it is one of the days in the year when eggs are forbidden. But gloomy as February may be, it is not wholly destitute of flowers. I will take you to a warm bank that I know, between the village and the sea, where, underneath the moss, we shall find the first primrose, the common primula as it called, the lovely star of innocence that decks the coronet of primavera; long before the March winds begin to blow, a crocus or so will be starring the circular bed in the old mill garden; and one of these fine afternoons we will start together to the Rookery Farm, that lies back in a hollow from the main road, and there, in a lush green meadow, where the yellow daffodils will nod by-and-by, we shall find, under the leafless avenue, a brighter patch of green than all, that shelters from the storm the downcast virgin snow-drop!

C. S.

IN POSSESSION.

The shrewd worldly-wise proverb, that "Possession is nine points of the law," is familiar to the English people; but may be a paraphrase of that sentence in a book of Roman jurisprudence, "Beati possidentes," which Prince Bismarck made famous some time ago by applying it to the negotiations after the Russo-Turkish war. It is certainly as well understood by animals of every kind, in their mutual jealousies and hostilities, as it is by men and nations and States; indeed, we continually see the disputes of military Empires inspired by those passions and guided by those principles, which rule the unmoral action of beasts and birds. The fine cat, delineated in the Artist's drawing, has probably come out of the house, on a cold winter day, with intent to prey upon any little birds which she may catch, benumbed and unable to fly, in the thicket or on the lawn; and has, either for shelter or to hide her presence, occupied the bowl of a rusty old saucepan that chanced to be lying there. In this singular retirement, she is detected by the magpie, whose customary abode she has invaded; and this bold champion of a prior right against the intruder is accompanied by a flock of smaller feathered creatures, which regard the cat as their natural enemy. The birds keep at a safe distance, ready to take wing, amidst their lively chatter of indignation; but their foe is evidently bent on mischief, and it seems likely that one of them will presently be clutched by her merciless claws, when the rest of the audacious assembly will escape by flight.

NEW BOOKS.

Magnificent is certainly not too strong an epithet for such a book as *The Cruise of the Marchesa*; by F. H. H. Guillemard (John Murray), whether in respect of the grand style in which it seems to have been conceived, and most undoubtedly has been executed, or of the liberal education to be obtained from its multitudinous pages. Its very covers evoke admiration; the proportions of the two large volumes at once command respect. The illustrations, coloured and uncoloured, are wonderfully numerous as well as good, and a similar remark applies to the unusually free supply of maps and charts; the appendices are a very useful addition; the indices are themselves a monument of considerate labour, to be gratefully appreciated; the mere paper and print are delightful to the eye and provocative of reading. A glance over the table of contents is almost alarming, so vast appears to be the field of view, so prodigious the mass of information; but the reader is pretty sure to find that a judicious selection and a light touch transform what at first seemed appalling into a narrative which is not only agreeable and attractive, but interesting, instructive, and even absorbing. It will suffice here, no doubt, to explain the nature of the book; to give a detailed account and review of it within the limited space at command would be impossible. Be it known, then, that the author, who is a doctor of medicine (blessings on that noble science!) and a "Fellow" of many learned societies, collected the facts upon which his book is based during a long and pleasant cruise in "the Marchesa, an auxiliary screw schooner yacht of 420 tons, Mr. C. T. Kettlewell" (to whom the book is dedicated), "captain and owner." The yacht left Cowes on Jan. 8, 1882, and, on her return voyage, reached Southampton after an absence of rather more than two years, in the month of April, 1884. Meanwhile she had conveyed the author to Gibraltar, Aden, Ceylon, Singapore, Formosa, the Liu-kiu Islands, and Japan. From Yokohama the voyagers made for Kamschatka, and about three months later returned to Japan, where they spent some four months in the country. They afterwards took a cruise for six weeks in Chinese waters; left Hong-Kong at the end of March, 1883, and expended some weeks in exploring the comparatively unknown islands of the Salu Archipelago, and in visiting the territory of the North Borneo Company. The course was then set back to Singapore; and the yacht proceeded by way of Sumbawa, Celebes, and various other islands of the Malay Archipelago, to New Guinea; called at Bombay, after a fresh visit to the Straits Settlements and Ceylon; and, finally, as already mentioned, arrived at Southampton, April 14, 1884. How the spirit and practice of travel have spread among us everybody knows; but the author brings the fact home to us in a most astonishing manner by saying: "To such countries as Ceylon and Japan, and others which lie in the beaten path of the tourist round the world, I have not thought it necessary to allude, confining myself entirely to an account of the less-known lands and islands in which our time was chiefly spent." To include Ceylon and Japan among the countries that lie (like Switzerland and Tyrol) in "the beaten path of the tourist" is good; it might even be considered to smack of "swagger," if it were not that there is not the most far-off touch of that quality about the author's work. He is much more remarkable for a sort of modest retirement, and for an anxious desire to give other travellers their due—and more also. Though the volumes cannot fail to charm those readers who possess more than ordinary intelligence, or any intelligence at all, yet for the complete appreciation and enjoyment of them a little of the naturalist's enthusiasm is desirable, if not necessary; for as a naturalist, of course, it was that the author would chiefly conduct his observations. But no unscientific heart need be troubled on that account; there is plenty of entertainment, as well as of instruction, and the least scientific readers will be able to appreciate the author's feelings when, at a merry dance, he had to kiss his Kamschatkan partner at the word of command. True, the word was given in Russian; but there was no pretending not to understand it, how "fishy" soever the partner might be, for she herself made the meaning evident, and the general behaviour fully bore out her interpretation. Nobody can say that Kamschatka—whatever the author may allege about Ceylon and Japan—lies in "the beaten path of the tourist"; and the chapters devoted to that home of the salmon will be perused with profound curiosity and interest. The tragic incidents at Petropaulovsky, in 1854, when, in the words of the British tar, "the English Admiral, he shot himself and the French Admiral he hid himself, and we was all of a muddle together," are enough to make Englishmen regard the region with a horrible sort of fascination.

That a new edition of *Rifted Clouds*; or *The Life-Story of Bella Cooke*; written by herself (Hodder and Stoughton), should be called for, may show one of two things: either that there is a sufficiently clannish feeling among the members of certain religious denominations to circulate the works of a man and a brother, a woman and a sister, pretty extensively, or that a considerable section of the general public, disregarding of theological tenets, can sympathise with the simple biographical record of an apparently pious woman who, suffering much herself, neither repined nor relaxed, but exerted herself, as best she might, for the benefit of those who suffered perhaps less than she. Let us hope that the latter is the true explanation; and so commend the book to general attention, with an admonition, however, to all whom it may concern that the religion of the book is of the "Ebenezer" type.

The trustees of the People's Palace for East London have received £1000 from Sir Edward Guinness.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C S (Chapman).—Our acknowledgment of receipt of your problem does not by any means imply an intention to publish it. It has to be examined, and found up to publication standard as a preliminary course.

A F M (Chester).—The correction of your problem is noted.

S W (Hon. Sec. Liverpool).—We are obliged for the report; but days have been lost through your not sending it direct.

W L B (Oxford).—Thanks. The report came too late; but we had already been advised of the result.

HOSLIN HORSE (Malvern).—The key move of No. 2173 is 1. Q to K R 2nd; of No. 2194, 1. Kt to K 5th.

G S C (Endsleigh).—Our readers do not fancy five-move problems. Thanks for the trouble you have taken.

F W G (Durban, Natal).—Thanks for the problem. It shall be examined.

ALPHA. —Please look at No. 2235 again. Black has a good defence to your proposed attack.

H R (Manchester).—The chess problem contains 400 problems quite distinct from the dissertation. There is also Mr. Abbott's collection of 121 problems, price one shilling.

F E P (Brighton).—The idea of your problem is too like one of Mr. Loyd's, and the position lacks verisimilitude.

DIETTS. —All correct solutions are acknowledged, of that you may be assured.

J D (Working Men's Institute).—When a player touches a piece without the intention of moving or capturing it, he must say "Jadouble" or "I adjust." If he does not say so he must move the piece or capture it as the case may be, always supposing that he can legally move or capture.

M B B (British Columbia).—Your letter is much too lengthy, and somewhat confused. No. 2235 is perfectly correct.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2226, 2227, and 2228 received from Bandman P Edwards (Singapore); of No. 2229 from S K E and P S B (Baldwin) (Ontario); of No. 2230 from S K E, E G Boys, Pierce Jones, W Little, R D M, W Wheatley, and E L G; of No. 2231 from E G Boys, T J Stevens, Pierce Jones, W Little, Alcedez, W H D Henvey, R Billups, H D M, S D Frankland, New Forest, W Wheatley, E L G, and A J Gastine; of Chess Net No. 2 from Boulton Keith (Paterson, U.S.A.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2235 received from Commander W L Martin (L.N.), L. Fuleon (Antwerp), C Oswald, Pierce Jones, L Wynan, Shadforth, Jupiter Junior, Joseph Amisworth, H Reeve, R F N Banks, Oliver Icingla, R L Southwell, R Tweddell, G Darragh, H Wardell, E Featherstone, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Jack, W P Clarke, G W Law, H Lucas, Digby, B Casella (Paris), A C Hunt, W Miller, R H Brooks, Ben Nevis, S Bullen, N S Harris, R Billups, E Lenden, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Nerina, R Worters, New Forest, Thomas Town, John Coonan (Dublin), W R Raille, W Heathcote, Caledonia, and T G (Ware).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2231.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 5th B to B 8th (best)
2. Q to Kt sq (ch) B takes Q
3. Kt takes P. Mate.

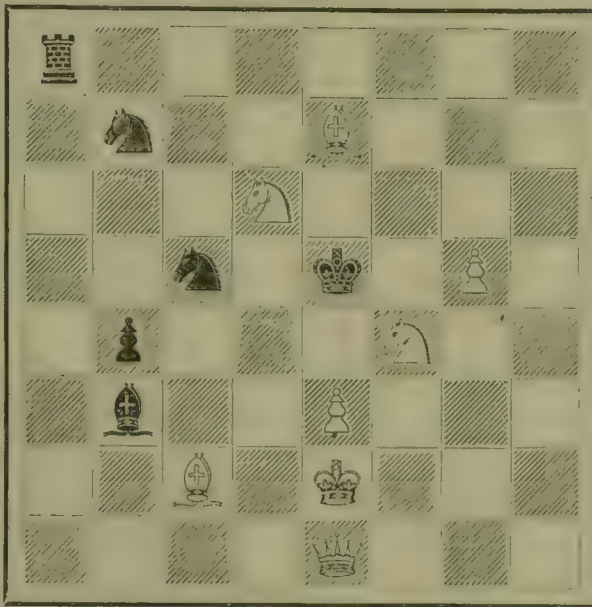
Variations obvious.

PROBLEM No. 2237.

By H. E. KIDSON.

(In Commemoration of the Jubilee of the Liverpool Chess Club.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played in the match between Liverpool and Manchester referred to below. It was played between Messrs. S. WELLINGTON (Liverpool) and Mr. VON ZABERN (Manchester).

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Liverpool).	BLACK (Manchester).	WHITE (Liverpool).	BLACK (Manchester).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. B takes Q B	P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Castles (Q K)	Q Kt to K 2nd
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	15. P to Q 4th	Q to Q B 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P takes P	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	17. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
6. Q Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	18. P takes P	P takes P
7. Kt to K Kt 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	19. K R to K sq	Q to Q R 5th
8. B to K 3rd	B to Q Kt 3rd	20. Q takes Q P	R to K Kt 3rd
9. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	21. B takes B	P takes B
10. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd	22. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q Kt 6th
11. B to Q Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	23. Kt to Q 4th	Q to R 7th

Although premature, this last move promises to relieve an otherwise dull opening.

22. Q to Q 2nd R to K Kt sq

This is not in Mr. Von Zabern's usual style.

24. Kt takes K P. and Black resigns.

THE JUBILEE OF THE LIVERPOOL CHESS CLUB.

Few chess clubs in this country can boast of so long and unbroken an existence as that of Liverpool, which last week celebrated, by a series of entertainments, its jubilee, having been founded in the same year as that in which her Majesty ascended the throne, 1837, and which coincidence was thought fitting to be marked with special honours. Mr. J. H. Blackburne was a guest of the club during the week, and his brilliant performances, both blindfold and over the board, were worthy of his high reputation. A reception was held by the president on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., followed by a dance, at which about 150 guests were present, and the week's festivities were terminated, on Saturday the 5th inst., by a hearty "Old English Supper," to which 120 chess-players sat down, in the City Hall, testifying to the general interest in the game, and also to the prominent position the Liverpool Club has attained as an institution in the city. The annual match with the Manchester Club was played previous to the banquet, resulting in favour of Liverpool by two games. The score, and one of the games in the match, are appended:—

LIVERPOOL.	Pts.	MANCHESTER.	Pts.
*Leather	0 1/2	*Fissengarten	0 1/2
Wellington	1	Von Zabern	0
Cairns	1	Wilson	0
*Rutherford	0	*Miniat	0
*Ferguson	0 1/2	*Hamel	1
*Labone	1	*Kipping	0
*Whitby	1	*Fish	0
Green	0	*Boyer	1
Edgar	0	Riddell	1
Wilson	1	Mitchell	0
	6		4

*Adjudicated.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the City Chess Club will be held at the Salvation Tavern, Newgate-street, on the evening of Monday next.

The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has issued a proposition to organise a scheme for field-days of Volunteers at Easter throughout the several military districts, in connection with the regular troops; and some of the district headquarters are arranging to carry the scheme into effect.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain C. Mikkelsen, master of the Danish ship London, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the brigantine Meteor, of Inverness, which was abandoned off Horn Reef, Denmark, on Nov. 6 last year, the crew being taken on board the Danish vessel and conveyed to West Hartlepool.

AT JAMRACH'S.

The East-End of London has other secular curiosities than these features of working-class life which Mr. Walter Besant has illustrated with genial and benevolent humour in his wholesome and entertaining romance. In the rather dull street formerly called Ratcliffe-highway, but now St. George's-street, which runs along the north wall of London Dock and has Wellclose-square at its back, there is a singular establishment, made famous thirty years since by the late Charles Dickens, or one of his literary assistants, in *Household Words*, where one of our Artists, some time ago, sketched the queer scene represented in the Engraving now published. Mr. Charles Jamrach, who has resided there carrying on his peculiar business during fifty years past, is still alert and active, though he lately had the misfortune to lose one of his sons, Mr. Hunt Jamrach, whose death was mentioned in the papers. An interview, last week, with the veteran collector and merchant of wild animals, and of miscellaneous objects of interest, foreign works of art and antiquity, from distant regions of the globe, was gratifying to the inquirer. It should be first explained that the particular place, with its contents of rare live-stock, shown in our Artist's drawing as it was at that time, no longer exists; it was in Pitts-street, and the site of it has been taken for a Board school. The stuffed elephant, perched aloft like a goat, has been disposed of to somebody; for aught we know, who may have fancied such an ornament for his mantelpiece; and Mr. Jamrach has no living elephants on hand just now, nor any camels or lions. His trade with the menageries, with the zoological societies, and with similar institutions in many cities of Europe, is much lessened by the general depression and want of public enterprise. The war in the Sudan, also, and the disturbances in other parts of Africa, have interfered with the supply which used to be kept up by travelling German and other agents with the aid of the Arabs and native tribes. But Mr. Jamrach still commands the best offers of animals brought by the captains and officers of merchant-ships coming to the port of London, and the services of many agents and correspondents of his own, especially in India, Ceylon, Eastern Asia, the Malay Archipelago, and the isles of the Pacific Ocean.

To describe his establishment, as it actually is, with all that it contains worthy of notice, would be a long task, from the extraordinary diversity of his business. Two front shops, the windows of one filled with Chinese and Japanese vases, ornamental work in metal, and fine porcelain, the adjoining shop being an aviary of fancy birds, with a large cat watching them from a basket prison, are connected with rooms up-stairs and down-stairs, passages, and galleries, all crowded with strange and beautiful things, the value of which, judging by the prices sometimes paid at West-End auctions, should amount to thousands of pounds. The British Museum and the South Kensington Museum would much enhance the interest of their collections of Asiatic fine art by freely purchasing of these stores, in which are found many decorative works of unique design and of the highest artistic perfection: noble vases of sculptured bronze, or of copper painted with the most curious and instructive pictures; ivory carvings, jade carvings; models and images of clay or porcelain, exquisitely coloured; figures representing mythological and historical characters, which Mr. Jamrach can explain better than some Oriental scholars; pagodas, of ingenious and tasteful structure; a set of Chinese figures wonderfully cut in the roots of a tea-tree; dishes, cups and saucers, in great variety; Japanese officers' swords, with a socket in the scabbard, holding the little knife by which a condemned delinquent rips himself up in the honourable suicide of the "happy dispatch"; Cinghalese plaster masks, worn in the rites of propitiatory sacrifice; Buddhist, Hindoo, and various heathen idols; the weapons, ornaments, and implements of savages, especially those of New Guinea and Polynesia; the horns of Cape buffaloes, elands, and different antelopes; shells of various forms and sizes—in short, good specimens of what is most interesting in the portable productions of so many remote countries. A whole day might be profitably devoted to their study.

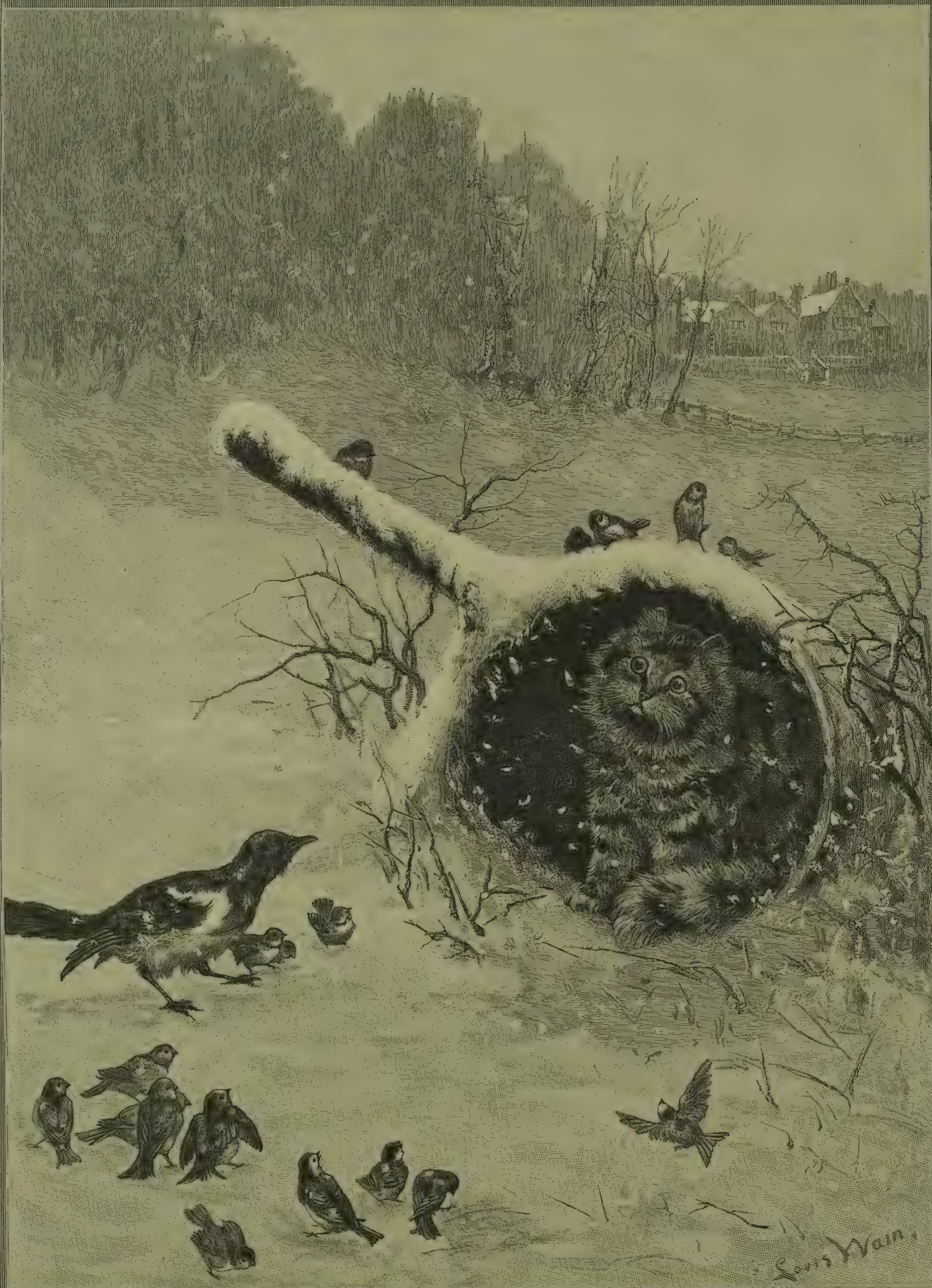
The menagerie of Mr. Jamrach is now confined to the upper floors of a neighbouring house in Britten's-court; for he has annexed, to suit his convenience, the old dwelling-rooms above several shops and ground-floor offices in his vicinity; and it seems odd going up-stairs to see the wild beasts. His present stock of these, as has been remarked, is not very large: two fierce Indian tigers, in dens strongly barred; a fine mouflon ram, from North Africa; a llama, from South America; a black jaguar; a rare variety of tapir, with long hair, the only specimen brought to England; a pair of the Indian ibex, the male a very fine animal; a small gazelle, an Arctic black fox, a serbal, a few monkeys, Persian and Angora cats, Persian greyhounds which would attract much notice at a dog show, a black swan, crowned pigeons, and a very rare species of pheasant of China, were these which engaged our attention. They seem well kept, but the air of these upper rooms cannot be so pure as in the Regent's Park Gardens. Mr. Jamrach has another place in Old Gravel-pit-lane, where he keeps a fine collection of shells; and we were sorry to hear of a robbery there last week. He is an ingenious and persevering man; and his intelligent conversation, animated by a life-long devotion to a business associated with many branches of knowledge, with his kindness and civility, makes it pleasant to visit him. The Rev. Harry Jones, whose former Rectory of St. George's-in-the-East is near Jamrach's, being situated in Cannon-place-road, used to boast that he was probably "the only parish clergyman in England who could buy a lion or tiger by just sending round the corner." More than once, a formidable animal has escaped into the street, when Mr. Jamrach, who is always at home, has coolly walked after the beast, a tiger or panther, collared it and led it quietly back. We know a gentleman who was passing along Ratcliffe-highway, many years ago, and felt his hand licked by some beast which he thought was a big dog: it was one of Jamrach's panthers, and its rough tongue scraped off the skin. But nobody in that quarter of the town is afraid of Jamrach's animals, and nobody has ever been killed or hurt by them.

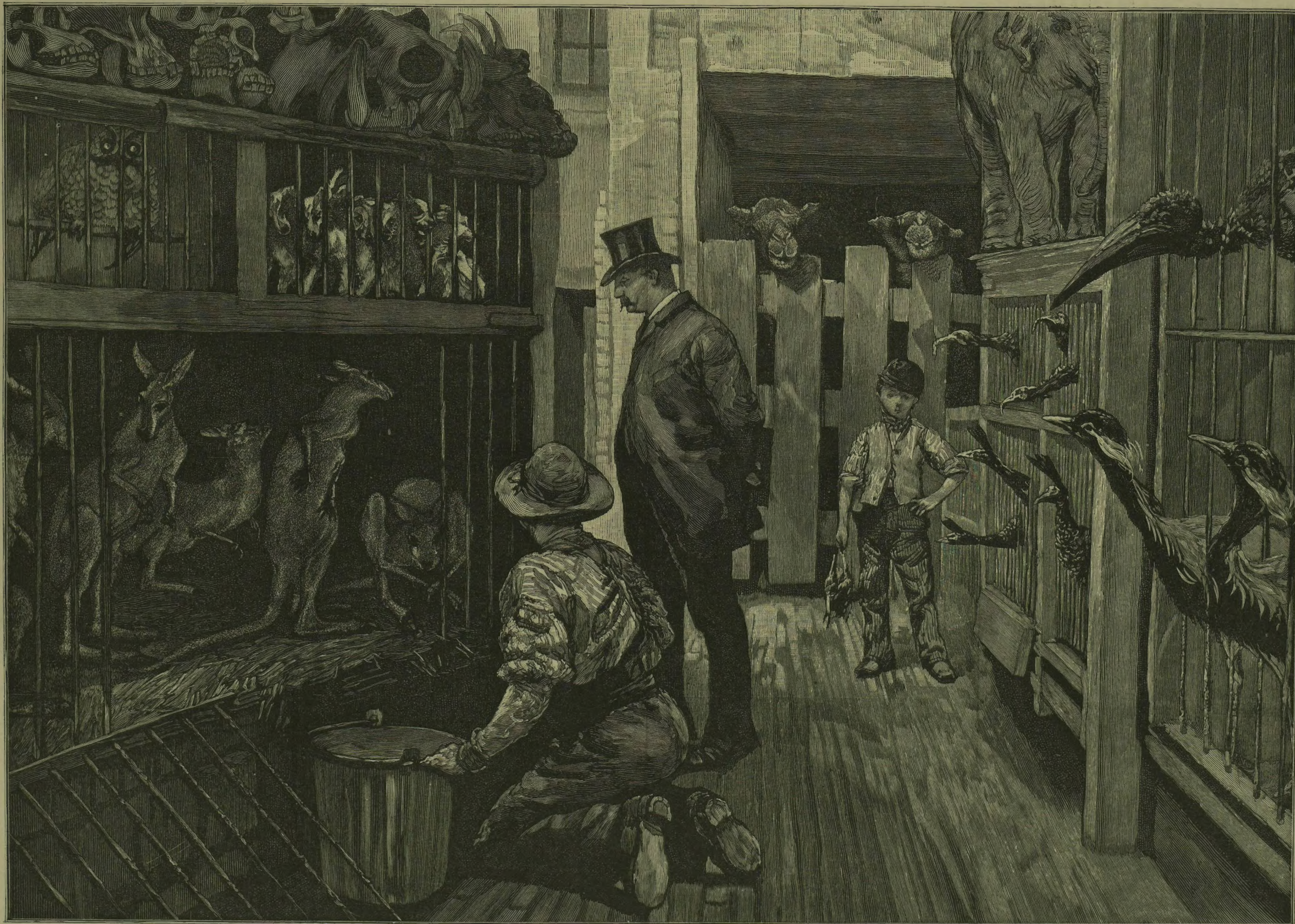
The Great Western Railway Company have offered the Government £360,000 for the Marine Barracks at Stonehouse, in order to extend their docks.

Mr. R. Reynolds, of the Cape Service, has had placed in the south aisle of Holy Trinity Church, Southampton, in memory of his deceased wife, a beautiful window, the work of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The "Albert Medal of the Second Class" has been conferred upon Mr. William E. Yaldwyn, Accountant of the Queensland National Bank at Charleville, in the colony of Queensland, in recognition of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by him in rescuing six persons from a flood at Charleville, on July 26, 1886.

Lord Gifford, a Judge of the Edinburgh Court of Sessions, who died recently, has bequeathed £80,000 to found national theology lectureships at the four Scottish Universities, Edinburgh gets £25,000; Glasgow and Aberdeen, £20,000 each; and St. Andrews, £15,000. The total value of the property left by his Lordship is £190,000.





AT JAMRACH'S, THE DEALER IN WILD ANIMALS, EAST LONDON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Samuel Nightingale, Esq., late of Shaddingfield Lodge, Great Yarmouth, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Eleanor Turner Nightingale, the widow, Mr. John Peirson, and Mr. Samuel Nightingale, the nephew, the value of the personalty amounting to over £131,000. The testator gives to his wife, for her life, the use of Shaddingfield Lodge and the interest of £52,000, and the plate (except yachting prizes and the plate presented to him by his partners), pictures, furniture, and effects in Shaddingfield Lodge, absolutely; to his sister, Elizabeth Nightingale, for her life, the interest of £10,000; to the Great Yarmouth Hospital, £200; and pecuniary legacies to his wife, Mr. Peirson, and other friends, and to his servants. All the residue, including his share and interest in Lacon's Brewery, and, after the death of his wife and sister, Shaddingfield Lodge, and the £52,000 and £10,000, he gives to his nephew, absolutely.

The will (dated July 17, 1882) of Mr. Townley Rigby Knowles, late of Fishwick Hall, near Preston, Lancashire, and of Montjoly, near Pau, Basses Pyrénées, France, who died on Nov. 23 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Robert Courtenay Bell, Thomas Nevett, and George Herbert Dickson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £81,000. The testator gives £300 and an annuity of £1400 during widowhood, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Annis Knowles; all his books between his four sons, Townley Rigby, Robert Townley, Alexander Townley, and Arthur Townley; and the furniture, pictures, plate, and effects at Fishwick Hall, and his share in certain property at Warrington, to his son Townley Rigby. He states as his reason for not making any further provision for his last-named son, that he is already most amply provided for under the will of his uncle. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, Robert, Alexander, and Arthur.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1865) of Miss Henrietta Eliza Bracken, formerly of Tower Lodge, Rugby, but late of Hartlands, Cranford, Middlesex, who died on Dec. 22 last, was proved on the 2nd inst., by William Bracken, the uncle, and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £200 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £100 each to the Irish Church Missions, the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Religious Tract Society, and the Female Orphan Asylum, Southampton; £25 each to the Infant Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Indigent Blind School; £8000, upon trust, for her uncle, James Archibald Campbell (since deceased), for life, and then for four of his children; £8000, upon trust, for her aunt, Maria Grace Campbell, for life, and then for her children; £3000, upon trust, for her aunt, Lady Jane Spearman, for life, and then for three of her children; and numerous legacies to relatives and others, many of considerable amount. The residue of her property she leaves to her uncle, the said James Archibald Campbell.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1882) of Mr. Richard Fountain Stratton, late of Leinster House, East Sheen, coal merchant, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 7th inst. by the Rev. William Sainsbury Browne and John Eustace Anderson,

the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister, Eliza Stratton; his leasehold residence, with the furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, to his said sister, for life; £2000 to his nephew and partner, Buchan Francis Stratton; and his share in his partnership business to his two partners, but his capital therein is to be paid out in periodical portions to his estate. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £900 to his sister Eliza Stratton; annuities of £200 each to his sisters Mary Stratton and Sophia Hubsch, and to his brother, George Gell Stratton; and smaller annuities to his three nieces. On the respective deaths of his sisters and brothers, his or her annuity is to be paid to his three nieces and to his nephew; and, on the death of the survivor of his sisters and brother, he gives £36,000 to his three nieces, Cecilia Telfer Stratton, Eliza Catherine Stratton, and Rosina Antonia Stratton. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his said three nieces and his said nephew, Buchan Francis Stratton.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1881), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15, 1886), of Mrs. Eliza Jane Deakins, late of No. 34, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 15 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Richard John Deakins, the husband, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to Alfred Leaf, and a legacy to a god-daughter. The income of one moiety of the residue of her property is to be paid to her husband, for life; subject thereto, she leaves the residue to her children, and in default of children to her husband, absolutely.

The will (dated March 19, 1878), with two codicils (dated April 22, 1881, and Oct. 30, 1884), of Mr. Henry Constable, late of No. 35, Fellows-road, South Hampstead, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Mrs. Sarah Mary Ann Crouch, the daughter, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his said daughter; £6000, upon trust, for her; £6000 to his son Frank Challice; £6000, upon trust, for his son Henry and his family; £6000, upon trust, for his son George Walter and his family; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Crouch.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1880), with a codicil (dated Dec. 11, 1886), of Mr. Robert Peck, late of Atherton Grange, Somerset-road, Wimbledon, Surrey, who died on Dec. 29 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Mrs. Minnie Clara Peck, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death for his children as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1884) of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart., D.L., late of Normanby Park, in the county of Lincoln, who died on Oct. 24 last, at Brock-street, Bath, was proved on the 5th inst. by Dame Priscilla Isabella Laura Sheffield, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator confirms his marriage settlement; and he bequeaths £1000, and his linen, china, in household use, wines, and household stores to his wife; the remainder of his china, and his furniture, plate, and pictures, to his wife, for life, and then to his issue as she shall appoint; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. All his real estate he gives to his son, Berkeley George Digby Sheffield.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Victoria" is the title of a national song, in which some spirited loyal verses by W. Clark Russell are set to some very effective music by Henry Smart, the melody being of a strikingly rhythmic character, with somewhat of a martial tone. A choral refrain tends to heighten the jubilant effect. "The Old Spinnet," music by E. Birch, is a melodious setting of some sentimental lines referring to memories of the past. The song, although simple in style, is pleasingly expressive of the verses. "Two Spirits" is another song of the sentimental kind, the lines by the same author as those of the one previously referred to—G. C. Bingham. The music in this case is by S. A. Sabel, who has produced a melody of thoroughly vocal style, flowing and expressive, and well treated in its harmonic surroundings. "The Early Bird," by R. B. Addison, is bright and piquant in tone, without being flippant or common-place. "Lazily" is a "river-song," words by Julian Sturgis; music by A. P. Ames, who has chosen the appropriate six-eight tempo so generally associated with the flowing motion of water. The melody is well marked, and the changes from minor to major are effective. All the songs above referred to are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as is a part-song for four voices entitled "Victoria," by Henry Smart, the music being similar to that of his song noticed above. Messrs. Cocks and Co. have also issued, in a very cheap form, some "Progressive Exercises in Sight Singing," by W. H. Thomas. These will be found very useful by vocal classes, the exercises and explanatory directions being well calculated for their intended purpose. The same publishers also send some bright dance music—"La Gitana" is a set of spirited waltzes by E. Bucalossi; "Tittle-tattle," a polka, by Alice Douglass, in which the appropriate dance rhythm is very well sustained; and "Par Excellence," a Gavotte, by H. E. Lath, who has very successfully reflected the antique grace of the old dance movement.

Messrs. Cocks and Co.'s "Selected List of Popular and New Vocal and Instrumental Music" includes a large repertoire of pieces in many various styles.

"More and More" is a song, the words and music of which are by W. A. Aikin, who has, in both respects, produced a piece of a very pleasing character: unpretentious, yet interesting in the vocal flow of the melody and its harmonic surroundings. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher, as also of "Recollections," by C. B. Gilbert, a song of a very expressive kind, pleasing in melody and very effective in the harmonic treatment of the accompaniment. Instrumental publications by Mr. Joseph Williams include, among others, a pianoforte sonata by St. Vincent Jervis, containing some effective writing, especially an ingeniously varied andante—a theme, with "variations sérieuses," by the same (clever, if not approaching the fine work by Mendelssohn so entitled); and three characteristic pieces for violin and piano, by W. Bendall.

"Merry Crochets and Quavers for Merry Little People," published by W. Morley and Co., is a liberal shilling's-worth of vocal and pianoforte pieces—suited for juvenile entertainment—and games, riddles, puzzles, &c., replete with amusement.

The two Houses of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury and the House of Laymen again met yesterday week, and at the conclusion of the sitting were prorogued until May 10.

THE BABY'S SKIN.

AN UNBLEMISHED SKIN THE CHARM OF BABYHOOD.

Interesting Facts Relating to the Health and Beauty of the Skin.

"HAPPY THE PARENTS OF SO FAIR A CHILD."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

SINCE the beginning of things, the world has been ready to acknowledge the baby's charm, and men have been moved to even more knightly reverence for the little child than for the beautiful woman. When Maria Theresa held up her baby to the wild Hungarian lords, and bade them behold their King, they accorded the child a homage which they might have refused to the great Queen herself, for by virtue of his infancy alone he wore "upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty." In looking at the likenesses of the Caesars, among them all Robert Browning lingers only upon

"A baby face, with violets there,
Violets, instead of laurels, in the hair,
As those were all the little locks could bear,"

the purple splendour of mighty monarchs fading before the baby's smile. The whole story of sacred art, moreover, shows the power of the young child to move the heart with its tenderness, its helplessness, and its beauty; and the picture of the Holy Babe with his limpid gaze, his rosy flesh, his absolute innocence, repeated in every form of fact or fancy, has been a tremendous element in the life of the Church.

But, in all these instances, the supposition is that the baby is perfect in form and feature, and of the unblemished skin which is the essential charm of babyhood.

"Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose,"

cries Constance to her little son, Prince Arthur. And what mother, looking at her baby, does not unconsciously echo the hapless Queen, if the baby has any of the wholesomeness that should be his birthright? Every mother's baby is the ideal baby, the heir of all the ages, the thing for which the world has waited, and to whose existence everything has tended. What she suffers when she sees this wondrous child varying from perfection, developing its teething humours, or its inherited skin diseases, only those can say who, as mothers themselves, have shared the ordeal!

When the skin, that should be soft and sweet as a flower-petal, becomes scaly with disgusting scurf; when the skin, that should wear over its lustre the veiling bloom which the wild plum wears, becomes red with a cruel rash; when the skin, that should be smooth and downy as a peach, becomes rough with scabs and sores whose itching and irritation rob the little victim of rest and sleep and appetite, torturing the child into fever and the mother into horrid apprehension; when this or any part of it happens, then the mother sees, that, after all, her baby is not the ideal baby, and looks about her in desperation for a remedy, while every other mother fears for her own, and asks with

equal ardour for a preventive. For what came to Lilith, the first wife of Adam, in the old Talmudical story, when she saw her fair little first baby darken into a demon; what came to Helse, in the Anglo-Saxon legend, as the wehr-wolf began to take possession of the body of her baby; what befel the mother in primitive New England, when she found her child the changeling of a witch, come, only in a lesser degree, to every mother in actual life, when she sees her darling suffering and bleached and disfigured in his tender skin.

It is like a boon to these afflicted and anxious mothers that the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap has been added to our blessings. For by its use, as by that of no other intermedium, the mother is enabled to cleanse the skin of her child, to open its pores, to prevent contagion, to destroy parasites, and to avert disease. So wonderful a part of the structure is the skin, with its innumerable millions of pores and capillaries conducting to the surface and shedding the refuse and morbid matter constantly forming, that unless perfect health is secured to it, perfect health can be had nowhere else in the system. Neglected at the outset, the neglect can never be atoned nor the damages repaired; for many of our most cruel ailments may be traced to their source in a neglect of this great purifier of the body. Moreover, the skin abused in infancy bears the marks of such abuse in roughness, redness, itching, and inflammation, moles, and warts, and eruptive tendencies for ever. The baby whose skin is not thoroughly cleansed is a thing to make one shudder as much as the wholesome baby is to make one glad; and such a child is not only the natural prey to every cutaneous disorder, but to every zymotic disease as well. If the channels and outlets of the secretory province of the skin are kept in thorough cleanliness, the child over whom hangs the possibility of hereditary scrofula is far less liable to it, and the disease may be kept long in abeyance; while the comfort and happiness of the child are apparent through good-nature, if the fat wrinkles of the neck, the folds behind the ears and elsewhere, are kept free from every deposit from perspiration or other sources. Too much care cannot be exercised in regard to the agent that is to accomplish this—the purity of the water, the gently stimulating but thoroughly cleansing, disinfecting, and remedial quality of the soap.

Thus it may be seen what reason those who love their children, and those who love their race, have for gratitude to the discoverer of the Cuticura Soap. This remarkable soap unites, with the detergent properties of a faultless soap, flower-odours of never-failing freshness, and medicaments drawn from Cuticura, precious as the balm of the Old Testament. Remembering the value of balm and nard and cassia, and of all the ancient aids to the bath—a pint of ointment costing in the old days more than thirty pounds—and seeing a softer and healthier skin than the ancients had, attainable by means of a cake of Cuticura Soap costing a shilling, one feels like classing such a soap with the modern wonders which include gas, matches, electric lights, and telephones. So freshening, stimulating, and preserving is this soap, quickening the whole intricate system of the skin, that it defies the approach of eczema, milk-crust, scall-head, and all other skin troubles of infancy; by its suave emollient work it abates their energy, where already existing, especially when assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura itself; while its antiseptic quality renders it invaluable in the cleansing of all raw surfaces and excoriations, in humour of the scalp, red-gum, and milk-blotches. Neither zinc, lead, mercury, arsenic, nor any metallic, mineral, or vegetable poison, or caustic contributes to it. It dissolves the waste clogging the pores, removes scurf, soothes inflammation, allays irritation, wipes out blemishes, and brings the baby's skin to a condition of health, from which results a fairness "in whose comparison all whites are ink!"

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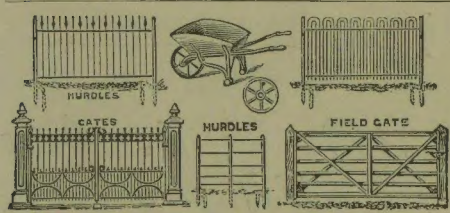
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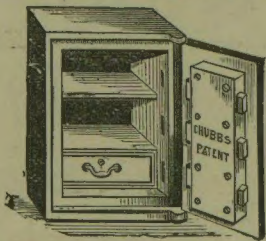
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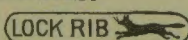
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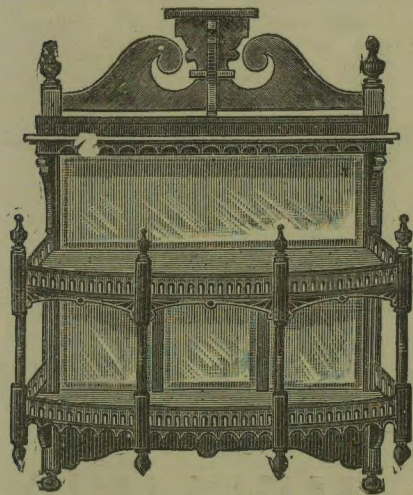
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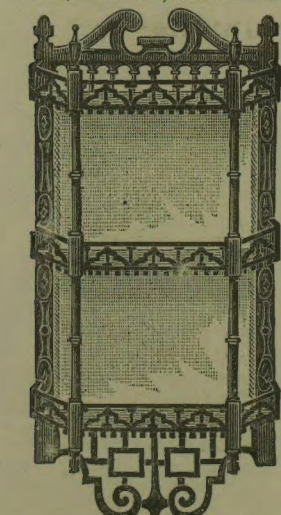
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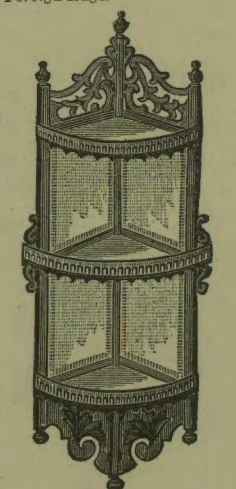
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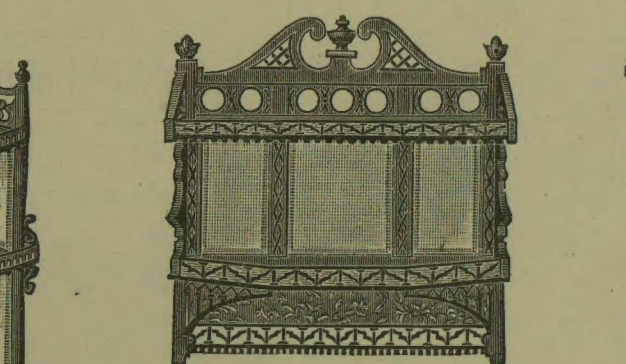
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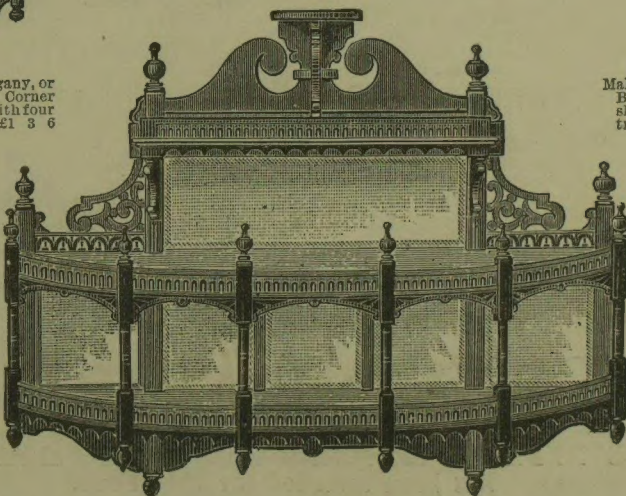
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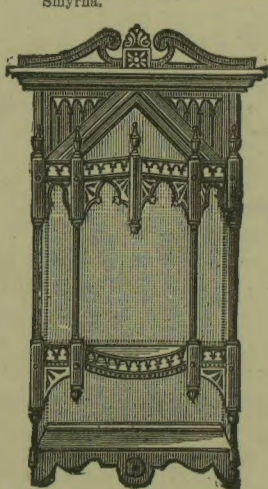
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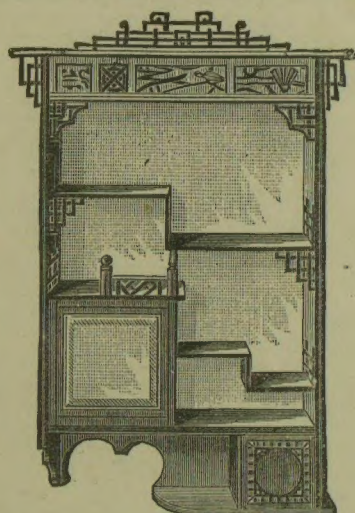
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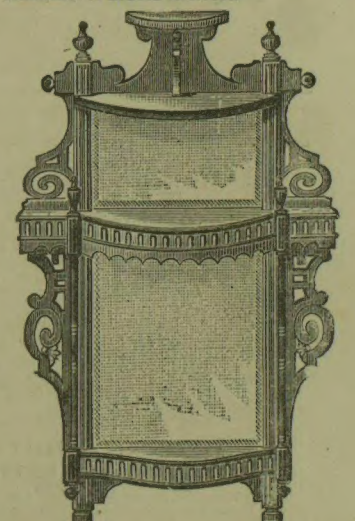


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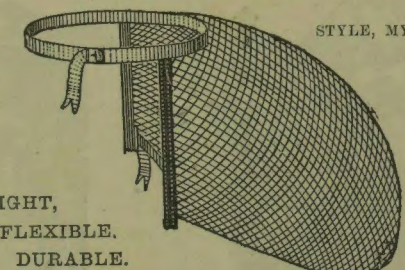
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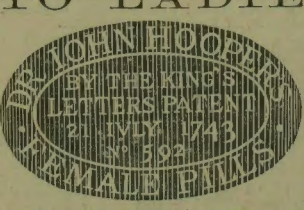
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